

American

NOVEMBER 1954

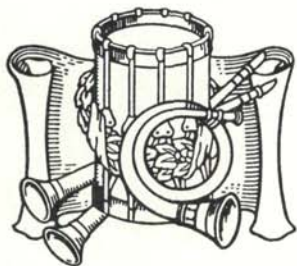
MERCURY

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You Ought to Get Married	<i>Irene Corbally Kubn</i>
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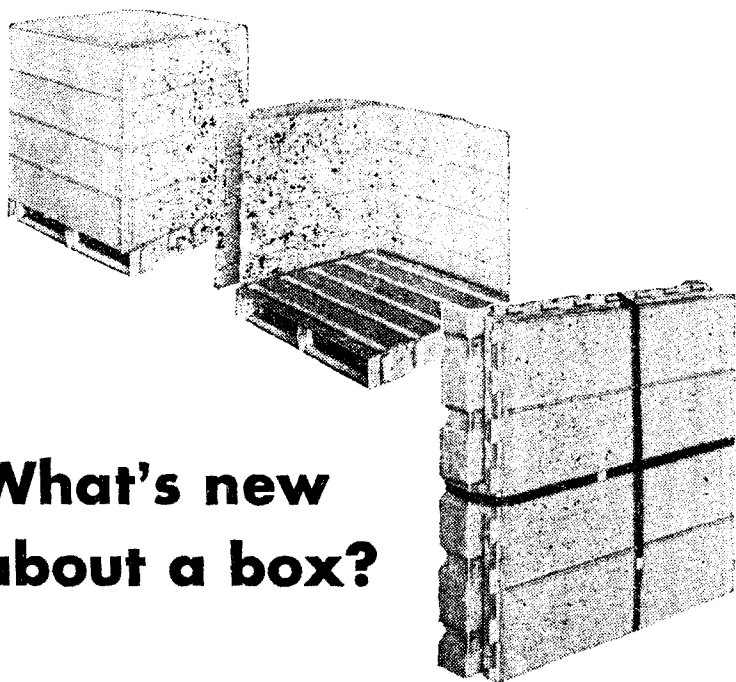
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FLIGHT
from
 REASON



By John J. Burns

MANY centuries before the coming of Christ, the Greek thinkers, aided by reason alone, had come to a remarkable degree of knowledge. Through the power of their great intellects, they came to know the existence of God; the existence of a human soul; the twin essences of that soul, reason and free will; the existence of a moral order; and the general nature and destiny of man. Unaided reason, of course, fell into some fallacies. But in those early centuries there developed that devotion to reason which has characterized the progress of the human race until, relatively speaking, recent times. Later, with the coming of Christ, the human race was blessed with the light of divine revelation and, among other things, sanctifying grace, and a confirmation of many of the eternal principles to which the Greek philosophers had attained by their unaided reason.

Due to a variety of causes, dating from the so-called Reformation, there has been a gradual decline in society's recognition of the validity and worth of reason — in what I call “the flight from reason.”

The rise of various cults led by Hegel and Nietzsche and Freud, the schools of pessimism, cynicism and impressionism, all have tended toward the destruction of a respect for reason as a faculty of the human soul for the attainment of truth. This decline of respect for reason is already far advanced here in America. Professor Cohen, the late well-known philosopher, whose conclusions I hasten to dispute, began his great book, *Nature and Reason*, by bemoaning what to him was an anti-human trend away from reason as a guide for human conduct. The opening chapter of this book is entitled "The Insurgence Against Reason." This decline is clear in our everyday life where a psychological, sometimes almost a psychopathic attack on the human soul is found in best-sellers, movie scenarios, radio programs, and the pornographic pulp magazines.

This war upon reason, tragically, is taken for granted in much of our public life, in public discussions and political endeavors. The concept which underlies our civilization, that "the truth shall make you free," appears nowadays to be an outmoded fashion, to be regarded as quaint and gone with the wind.

Chesterton makes the point that in modern times the world has seen a shocking development whereby you don't persuade an opponent — you beat him.

IN THE SPACE of a man's lifetime, because of this "flight from rea-

son," the bloodiest wars in human history have left the world dazed and despairing. Before our very eyes there is occurring an intellectual rape of the masses. History has never seen such a cold, cruel war against the human mind. Hitler was its most publicized salesman but he was an end result of the Hegels and the Spenglers who placed man at the crossroads of civilization, confused and chaotic. That silly phrase, "the century of the common man," is the most recent emanation and seeks to catalogue the amorphous mass of mankind as faceless men. The postulates of modern irrational leaders deny any individual worth to man. His existence on this potentially wonderful creation of God's love is to them a cosmic accident.

The corollaries of the departure of reason are found in men who call each other great writers. Here is their creed: There is no God — Religion is but a snare and a delusion — Man is nothing but a cosmic ganglion — Man is a beast — God is a myth.

Let us consider a few examples of recent times when "reason" seems not to have prevailed:

I well recall a Gridiron Club dinner in Washington shortly before the war, when, as is the custom, the head-table guests were being introduced. The English and French ambassadors were given gracious but restrained applause. When the Minister from Finland was introduced, a roaring ovation, spontaneous and

intense, swelled the rafters. It was a genuine and warm tribute to a nation still honoring its word and thereby living up to the true concept of the family of nations.

A few years later, as the Soviet colossus launched a savage, unprovoked attack on a tiny and innocent nation, the heart, but only the heart, of America went out to "brave little Finland." Not many years later we were to witness the humiliating scene of our Secretary of State insultingly ordering Finland to give in to the Russians. Now that brave little nation exists only insofar as it suits the Russian bear's plans for world conquest. Where was reason?

Just reflect a moment on the tragic case of Poland, put so convincingly but so sadly by the last real representative of the Polish people to our Government in his book, *Defeat Through Victory*. You will remember that Great Britain declared war because the Polish boundaries had been violated by the German legions. The war began. It did not begin, however, until Molotov signed up with Von Ribbentrop. In advance, they divided as spoils the nation they were set to destroy. Poland resisted as valiantly as any nation in human history. Yet at Yalta, by a secret agreement, our country approved the forceful seizure of a large part of Poland. To our undying discredit, we joined in this indefensible betrayal of everything which America in her long history had represented to the world. In the scrolls of

history our beloved country will be "fingered with scorn" until that sin against humanity — that sin against the virtue of justice — has been expiated. Reason had fled.

YOU WILL recall that on the recommendation of Cardinal Spellman, President Roosevelt sent as ambassador to Spain the distinguished historian, Professor Carlton J. Hayes. The President had correctly sensed that Spanish neutrality was vital in the war with Germany. If the Iberian Peninsula were overrun by the Hitler hordes, the Mediterranean would have been sealed and our side dangerously prejudiced.

During the war, the Spanish government under Franco remained neutral. As revealed in Doctor Hayes' book, *Wartime Mission to Spain*, the Spanish government was actually very helpful to our country, not only materially but in returning over 1,100 Allied pilots who had landed on Spanish soil. Although President Roosevelt had proclaimed the international right of the Spaniards to settle their own affairs, his widow recently signed a manifesto with some self-styled liberals (a word rapidly becoming a synonym for troublemakers) urging the overthrow of the Franco government. Is that rational?

It was that very eloquent man of God, Monsignor Fulton Sheen, who pointed out the silly, but sad, paradox in the case of Ireland. "Here is a nation with a stalwart warrior's

history against aggression which is now barred from the congress for peace because Ireland did not fight in the war." With all candor, we must now acknowledge the statesmanship of De Valera in his adherence to reason and his loyalty to a nation whose constitution breathes a dedication to God and His Divine Son.

ANOTHER action which reason cannot defend is American acquiescence in the enslavement of millions of enemy combatants and non-combatants. Our country fought its own bloody civil war to end slavery. How humiliating to think that we as a nation, after the cessation of hostilities, collaborated in handing over millions of fellow human beings into barbarous servitude. What is going to be the verdict of history on our responsibility for this mass enslavement?

It matters not what clever phrases are used to cover the ugly facts. Already we see attempted justification through the use of disarming words. They say, "Why not have them rebuild what they have destroyed?" — "Oh, it's a moral concentration camp," or "They are employed in 'directed public enterprise'." Thus is "slavery" defined. But no phrase can conceal our partnership in this tragic inhumanity to our fellow human beings.

Again, what form of phobia can explain our attitude on reparations? A proclaimed aggressor has looted a

continent and yet we calmly discuss with him what is the fair measure of reparations. We request the return of the ships we leased for a dollar a year. They ignore us. There is a futility about our diplomatic dealings with this tyrant. They even charter our vessels in trade routes with other nations!

We request an accounting of Lend-Lease, that clever, beguiling, but dishonest phrase, and our requests are insultingly ignored. We called them our brave allies and on several occasions saved them from certain defeat, and yet many years before, they had shouted, and still shout, from the housetops that they were unrelentingly and forever our enemy.

In the long history of nations at war you will never find such a case as ours, where a victor has received so little for sacrificing so much. We have not even gained a peace. Our next question is: Have we acquired the wisdom of experience? I doubt it. How can we defend our present conflicts of words and action and say that as a nation we have a consistent foreign policy? Reason seems absent. We have abandoned principles right and left and now must face the sanctions of the natural law.

There is another and very ominous indication of a recent "flight from reason." It concerns the worldwide system of Soviet espionage. The truth has not been told to us. For the price of \$1 you may obtain from the Canadian Dominion Print-

ing Office at Ottawa an official copy of the "Report of the Royal Commission" to investigate treason by Canadians in behalf of Russia. There is revealed in this 700-odd-page report the terrifying tale of a vast worldwide spy system. Canada exposed it and brought the culprits to the bar of justice. Here is the last sentence of this remarkable document: "We considered it of paramount importance that there should be available for all to read as complete an account as possible of the illegal activities which had already so seriously affected and were designed even more seriously to affect the safety and interests of Canada."

Does anyone in his right mind believe that Canada was anything but an incidental field of operation — incidental to the United States of America? Does any sane person believe that this country with its naïve attitude toward Communism and its enormous industrial potential in everything allied to war was not the principal target of the Soviet spy system?

Here again the words of the Royal Commission: "Perhaps the most startling single aspect of the entire Fifth Column network is the uncanny success with which the Soviet agents were able to find Canadians who were willing to betray their country and to supply to agents of a foreign power secret information to which they had access in the course of their work despite oaths of allegiance of office and of secrecy."

Mark my words, it will not be long before this country shall learn the frightening facts of the spy system. In one form or another, you shall hear of the incredible penetration into the very citadels of our government by the agents of the Soviet.

The traditional figure of speech, "The Trojan Horse," is a trifle deluding because its primitive implication keeps us from appreciating that the new Russian paganism is terrible in its cold ruthlessness, its deliberate exploitation of evil, its naked will to power. We, a do-good, rather naïve nation — unless thoroughly alerted — will become a tragic figure in history. We have fled from reason and are pursuing a wishful, irrational, sentimental road to our own destruction.

IT is most dismaying to have to admit the philosophical emptiness of our leaders who, some of them sincerely enough, failed to know the revolutionary nature of Communism and the Soviets. Communism has no morality except what is good for the state. There is no eternity, no reward or punishment, no free will and, therefore, no truth, no real law, no compassion, no striving for divine perfection. There is no God, and the grave marks the very end.

Despite the involved jargon of Karl Marx, Communism in action is force, compulsion, enslavement, death. There is and can be no minority. Democracy, despite its vari-

ous perversions, is a spiritual and political phenomenon resting on the concept of the relationship between man and God. It is liberty; it is human dignity; it premises free will. It is more difficult than other forms of government because in essence it is based upon self-restraint.

Sad to relate, our moral shortcomings as a nation are softening us up for the Communist program. The staggering decline in personal morality as disclosed by the divorce rate, the paganism of the movies, which so often show goodness in rags while lust wears "the new look," the irresponsibility of labor leaders, their defiance of the law, the lawlessness of the young, and the poverty of progressive education — all these are danger signs that we are abandoning the essential foundation of democracy, which is self-discipline, not unrestrained self-expression.

Strikingly enough, these evidences of decay flourish at a time when we have more dollars than ever in our history — "where wealth accumulates and men decay." Reflection may well point to the folly of trying to fend off a Godless materialistic philosophy with dollars alone.

A world torn with war and misery looked up with hope in April, 1945, and sensed a spirit of greatness. A peace conference was to convene to end all wars for all time. The never-dying dream of the human race was to be realized, and "all men's good was to be every man's rule and universal peace was to lie like a shaft of

light across the land." It was what Lord Tennyson had sung about, "Till the war drums throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled in the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Yet on that day at San Francisco occurred a shameful surrender to paganism. In a tragic betrayal of the millions who adore a living God, in craven surrender to the Satan of the East, the word "God" was omitted from the opening ceremony. No prayer was given, but in its place there was — a moment of silence. From that instant the United Nations was doomed. It has since done nothing constructive — has repudiated international law — has been a fraudulent façade. It has generated despair instead of hope as the world's drums beat more loudly and the parliament of the world becomes a ridiculous scene of billingsgate.

ARE WE completely prisoners of the abject failure? No! Not at all. This great nation of ours should act now with reason again enthroned. We should take the lead and withdraw immediately from this farce. Simultaneously America should issue a call to all the nations of the world except the Soviets and their satellites to convene at once in the spirit of God and the human family *sub deo et lege*. There would not have to be the elaborate trappings and complicated departments so useless and costly to us. It need be at first only a simple organization dedicated

to the restoration of law, the achievement of peace, and the hopes of men of good will.

It is interesting to note that the establishment of a "Little Assembly" of the United Nations in time of crisis, boycotted by Russia and her stooges, is a tacit recognition that the United Nations has failed. Mr. Stassen hopes rather naïvely that in a few years we may eliminate the veto. But the hour of our doom may not be far away. We must strike now!

The arguments for this bold stroke are many in addition to the omnipresent curse of atheism. As Mr. Justice Roberts has clearly revealed, the United Nations is basically a fraud. It is not a congress of nations. It is a big power treaty based on force and mutual distrust and was so intended. The smaller nations are mere "hitchhikers" and very unhappy in their role. Can anyone doubt that when it suits the revolutionary purpose of the Soviets they will leave the UN in a barrage of insults? As a nation we will then appear even more childish.

AS OF TODAY, the UN is useless for peace but very useful to the Vishinskys and the Gromykos as a worldwide sounding board for insulting their conferees, particularly the United States. This stream of invective is studied, purposeful and successful. Our replies are patient, sometimes eloquent, but normally ineffective. But where is the Ameri-

can spirit, the American patriotism of yesterday? Are we in a daze? Have we succumbed to the hypnotism of *PM* and the *Daily Worker*? The United Nations as of today is an instrument for advancing the foreign policy of an enemy state — a state dedicated to conquest.

A very careful survey will show that the United Nations is thoroughly infected with people who have hatred for our beloved country. We should never forget that the average American is a kind, generous and forgiving fellow, a little naïve. As long as this false institution survives, it will day in and day out seduce our well-meaning citizens, rich and poor, who want peace so badly, but who are not able to estimate or appreciate the monstrous wickedness of Stalin and his gang.

Many other cases showing the flight from reason could be cited, but our problem is clear. We must be alert at all times and denounce those who would destroy our faith or betray human reason.

We are, whether we like it or not, participants in one of the greatest crises in human history. But in the face of the avowed destroyers of our state, of our family, and of our church, we are blessed with the unconquerable shield of our divine faith. Let us engrave on our hearts the inspired words of the late Vicar of Christ Pius XI: "In the hour that he has appointed, God will arise and his enemies shall be scattered; the gates of hell shall not prevail."

Here Comes *the Thresher!*

BY VIC RUSSELL



IT SEEMS to me there is only one thing left of the harvest season — the harvest moon. Gone are the glamorous days when at sunrise in western Missouri and eastern Kansas one could hear the clatter of the cutter bar on the horse-drawn grain binder.

Gone are the days when a half-dozen to a score of farmers would converge, like a long funeral procession, on a farm for the wheat harvest, or threshing.

Bundle wagons bumped along dusty roads or across the fields early in the morning, carrying neighbor women who steadied baskets, and even wash tubs, filled with vegetables, canned fruits and cakes. Threshing-time demanded help from everyone, even the young folks.

Threshing crews worked hard. They started as soon as the sun dried off the dew and worked all day long in the scorching heat. The women folks had the job of working over a red-hot stove, pre-

paring food. Meals at threshing-time were historical events, embedded in time along with the muzzle-loading rifle.

The crowing of the rooster, the breaking of dawn and the threshing crews firing the steam rig signaled the opening of another hard, grueling day. If the rig had been spotted somewhere around the barn-lot the night before, the separator man, the waterwagon man and the engineer ate breakfast while bundle wagons were loading up in the field.

Today, with the modern one-man combine, straw is baled after the harvest, or plowed under. Fifty, forty, or even thirty years ago it took many men to thresh wheat. The same job is done now in smaller fields with two men, one man on the combine and the other to haul away the grain. The motor has taken the place of the horse.

A straw stack is seldom seen nowadays. There were many on our Kansas farm each year. Sometimes

a frame of green poles and woven wire was built and the separator set so the straw was blown over the frame work to make a shed facing the south. No matter how wildly the northwestern wind came howling down across the plains, our cattle had a warm place to hide and feed.

Usually the threshing rig moved across the field and several stacks dotted the horizon. In this way the bundle wagons (hay frames mounted on running gears) had short hauls to the separator.

Threshing-time might have been the original assembly line for food preparation. Feeding twenty men or so was a job for six to eight women and girls. Each had her part to do.

"Mrs. Brown, will you bake eight or ten more pies?" Mom would ask. "Martha, I'd like for you to take care of the vegetables. When it comes time for the lemonade, coffee and cold tea, will you look after that, Mabel? And you girls, all three of you, get busy peeling those potatoes. We'll need a half bushel peeled, at least."

TO MAKE more room in the kitchen for baking pies and cooking beef, pork, chicken and lamb on the wood stove, the coal oil stove was moved out to the back porch where the wind wouldn't blow out the flame. There the potatoes (some boiled, some fried), cabbage, turnips, navy beans and peas were put on to cook.

Not all the men got to eat at the same time. Sometimes a few of the bundle wagon drivers and loaders ate soon after eleven o'clock so that the men then loading in the field could come in and eat with the bunch. As a rule the separator didn't shut down at dinner time. If the run had been interrupted by a breakdown, they kept on running during the noon hour to catch up with the bundle wagons.

The women and children never ate until all the men had finished and gone back to work. There was always a good bit of fun passed around while the meals were being eaten. This was especially true if there was a newlywed in the group.

There weren't many fancy dishes of food on the table. Hard-working threshers needed good, solid, starchy foods. Sweets were an important part of the menu. Home-made bread and rolls, home-made butter, preserves and jellies of every description tempted the men's appetites.

For those who didn't want coffee, there were iced tea, ice water, sweet milk and buttermilk. Pie and cake finished off the meal. In rare cases, ice cream, made by the younger boys, was served. It was not uncommon to have several of six or seven different kinds of pie and a like number of different cakes.

Wash-up time before dinner was something to be remembered. If there were a horse trough and pump near the house, the men washed there. If a creek was close by, they

stripped to the waist to wash the dirt, chaff and straw from their heads and bodies. At our place tubs were put out in the yard and the men splashed water over their faces. One boy was kept busy carrying water from the pump to the tubs. Towels hung from the clothesline.

ONE of the prize jobs was the hauling of bundles from the field to the separator. If the haul was a quarter-mile or more, it gave the hauler a chance to rest and cool off.

The job of water boy was taken care of by some young lad with his pony. He usually carried two jugs of water wrapped in wet burlap tied around the saddle horn, and made constant trips from the spring to the field and back to the separator. Sometimes Mom put a little ginger or lemon into the water so that the men could satisfy their thirst without having to drink so much.

There was another job around the threshing rig which usually went to a regular member of the threshing crew. It was a young man's job and the pay wasn't much because he

didn't have to do much work. The job was that of water monkey. The threshing rig always had a water wagon with it. It was a tank mounted on a wagon chassis, or sometimes just loaded into a wagon box. It had an Oliver double-stroke pump mounted on top. There was a long suction hose and a discharge hose. The water monkey drove the wagon into a creek or near a well or spring and threw the suction hose into the water. He pumped the wagon tank full, by hand, hauled it to the separator and pumped it into a tank on the engine. His pay usually was a dollar a day and board.

At the close of the day's work, when the rig was ready to move on to another farm, the steam whistle would blow several long blasts. It was the signal that work had been completed and the rig could be expected at the next farm.

No matter how it had been, no matter how good or bad the grain had turned out, I always kinda hated to see the old rig, puffing black smoke, go up and over the hill. The sun would just be going down and, somehow, I was glad to be a farm boy.





YOU



Ought to Get Married

By Irene Corbally Kuhn

“THERE is no loneliness in the world for a woman like the loneliness of being unloved by a man.”

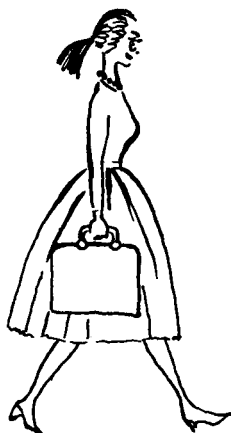
It was fifty years ago that a woman named Lillian Bell wrote these heart-breaking lines; and in the great, big, marvelous twentieth century world of equality and freedom that's opened up for women since then, nothing has happened to change this. No true woman will deny it; no feminist will admit it. And the pity is that far too many modern women are females by birth and feminists by inclination and choice.

The Victorian Era's involuntary, unhappy spinster is today's successful, unmarried career girl. So different in their external lives, they are, nonetheless, identical twins in their innermost feminine natures. Sooner or later, today's sophisticate must

come to the same bitter realization as her naïve turn-of-the-century sister: that there is no loneliness in the world for a woman like the loneliness of being unloved.

The number of women who are choosing careers to marriage is soaring, and by their attitudes and behavior, these women are encouraging men to remain bachelors. Young and carefree now, they will, in time, become middle-aged Sad Sacks in the tragic classification of the “permanently unmarried.”

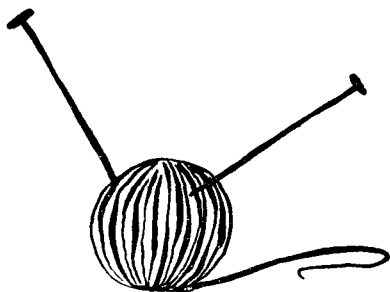
True, some of them would marry if they could. There is a disproportion of the sexes in the world and so some must remain single for there is no one for them to marry. There are others who cannot marry because they have responsibilities such as the care of invalid parents or orphaned younger brothers and sisters. A very few are celibates because



they honestly want to render service to mankind, and this includes the noble souls in and out of religious orders. And there are the lack-of-opportunity cases — the college graduate who returns to a small town in an isolated region; the rural district school teacher; the shy or homely woman alone in a big city without personal or material resources or advantages.

It is not by these, however, that the institution of marriage is threatened, but rather by the "careerists," the women who are convinced they'd rather have an independent income, a bachelor girl apartment, professional recognition. These women say frankly they are sure marriage would bore them; and, besides, they don't want to be "slaves" to men. They'd rather work for themselves. This is a phenomenon of our times.

THE PROBLEM of the unmarried does not exist among primitive and half-civilized people, nor was it known in mediaeval culture. Dr. Theodor Reik, the well-known psychoanalyst, suggests that while the change in economic conditions in the Western world is a prime factor in the decline of marriage, there is more to it than the industrial revolution — something in the nature of marriage as an institution and as an expression of human relations must have changed, he thinks. And he notes that marriage is no longer the business of the clan, the family or the group, as it was in primitive



society. Today it is a private affair, more often than not the hotly-defended right of adolescents or emotionally immature adults. Novelists, columnists, sociologists, educators and advice-to-the-lovelorn purveyors, all persons who should know better, frequently castigate parents and relatives who venture to inquire into the suitability of Junior's choice of wife or Baby's personally selected mate.

Dr. Reik reminds us that the conviction that marriage is a family matter more than an affair between individuals, or the proper culmination of romantic love, has been shared by many civilized cultures. Roman marriage was essentially a family contract, and aristocratic families in Italy, Spain, Portugal and other European countries subscribed to this. Before the war it was common in China and Japan, and it is still the rule in India and elsewhere in the Middle and Near East. "In such societies, a marriage was not, as with us, a problem of sentiment but of economics and expediency. Mutual attraction was irrelevant. Only practical consid-

erations counted. Old maids were almost unknown under such conditions," Dr. Reik concludes.

To disregard mutual attraction entirely would be going from one extreme to the other; but before we wax too indignant over this unsentimental, Old World way, we should remember that a high percentage of these realistically-planned marriages have turned out happily.

Today's career women, even when unmarried, never think of themselves as old maids, probably because so many of them live vicariously as shadow or office wives. Efficient women assistants or secretaries to business and professional men often remain single because they are really in love with their bosses.

THEY have a sense of being truly needed and of value because the men have become so dependent on them to help carry their responsibilities. Nothing is so important in a woman's life as to know she is needed, and this can bind her to her office husband more tightly than any thought of her own future.

What is usually over-looked is the fact that these secondary wives are women; and that women do not function as men. Women like this give themselves over completely to

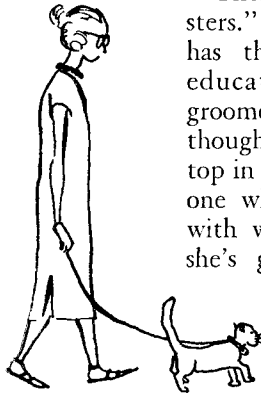
their careers so that they and their work become one. This is typically feminine and is very convenient and nice for the men. It is, however, a dead end enterprise of these women because in this identification with work and self all other needs or interests go out the window.

These are the "skyscraper spinsters." Every big city in America has thousands of them; well-educated, well-dressed, well-groomed and well-lost. And although many of them reach the top in competition there is never one who is completely satisfied with what she's done or where she's got. The ones with the

courage to face facts often know reasonably early that they got off at the wrong floor, but even so it's too late to

go back. They realize, too, that while they have won material success and economic security they have abandoned the most valuable thing in life — the demanding, sacrificing, richly rewarding and completely fulfilling full-time job of wife and mother.

The modern American woman is drowning in a rising reservoir of unhappiness and deep discontent which is eroding our civilization. It's a vicious circle, for the defeminization which is threatening the survival of Western culture is caused chiefly by the mechanization of our society which, in turn, aids and abets women to commit sex



suicide. Science and technocracy conspire to make life easier and easier for women, and so duller and duller. Men keep devising and inventing gadgets which are gradually turning the home into a functional unit of push-button efficiency as devoid of life and meaning as a robot is of feeling.

The less important the home becomes as a center of human activity, the more a woman believes the sales come-ons that housework is "drudgery" (office work is not?) to be avoided at any cost. Given gadget after gadget to lighten an already feather-light life, the more likely she is to resist a normal marriage and its responsibilities and so never will know its joys and rewards. Day by day, year by year, this has been going on with girls growing up to be feminists instead of women, and eventually turning into neurotics.

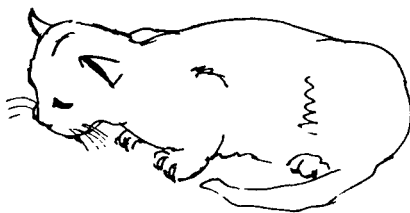
Of course, I'm not advocating birth control for kitchen and household gadgets, but they should be regarded not merely as efficiency gimmicks but as instruments for a fuller and more creative home life.

PERHAPS there's poetic justice in the increase in neurotics, as nature takes her revenge individually for a collective sin, for it was an extreme neurotic who led the cult of

feminism which started the sexual revolution in the wake of the industrial revolution. Feminism seeks one thing above all else: the achievement of maleness by the female, or the nearest approach to it. In a single fateful book, *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, written by Mary Wollstonecraft, this unhappy, erratic eighteenth century man-hater set down the tenets of feminism which have persisted almost without change right down to today.

She wanted everything for women that men had; she wanted women to be able to behave precisely as men did. Her overdrawn picture of the enslaving and degrading condition of women represented an emotional onslaught against her own narrow, limited, bitter life, a life that was not in the least typical of women's lives in her day and was, in fact, unique. Her tortured soul cried out for "equality" with men; and equality has been the fetish of the feminist movement ever since.

To Mary Wollstonecraft, "equality" meant that men and women were identical. She ignored all the physiological differences which create the psychological differences between the sexes in her obsessive delusion that "equality" meant identity. She believed this sincerely. She promoted it so passionately that



millions of her feminist followers since then have believed it. Certain of today's dolls, dowagers and divorcees still believe it.

Mary Wollstonecraft did a terrible disservice to women when she promulgated her creed, for she argued that "love from its very nature must be transitory." She equated love with passion; and she declared loftily that "passion is mere appetite." And she meant *all* passion, not just the commercial and extra-marital brands. Even more harmful was the legacy this extreme neurotic left to her sex whom she sought with good intention to "liberate" from man's enslavement. Not only did she encourage hostility to marriage, she made women profoundly dissatisfied with themselves as women. She also engendered in them a secret, strong belief in their inferiority as a sex, with an accompanying envy and hatred of men, usually also successfully hidden, but ticking away in their subconscious like a time-bomb.

MEN THEMSELVES have been taken in by the Wollstonecraft nonsense, and many educators have ignored the differences between the sexes to the damage and deprivation of both. In some colleges and universities, for example, according to Harry A. Bowman of Stephens College, the curriculum is one traditionally designed for men. These are really men's schools women are permitted to attend. Some of these schools and others, including a few

of those all-female institutions of higher learning, make little or no allowance for the fact that the roles of the sexes will be different after graduation. Often the assumption is that no difference exists between the needs and interests of women and the curriculum is designed for celibates.

Some types of education, then, unquestionably, contribute to the rise in celibacy in the United States. Today, something over 10% of the population is unmarried and will stay that way; that's about 15,000,000 real or potential Lonely-hearts, a formidable and frightening figure for any population-conscious statistician or patriot.

The modern version of the Wollstonecrafter is the Lucy Stoner who retains her own name after marriage (providing she does marry). Apropos of this philosophy, the late Mary Austin, the novelist, once remarked to a married Miss, "Personally, I'd rather use my own husband's name than my mother's husband's!"

Fortunately for the race, the number of extreme feminists who deliberately reject marriage is comparatively small, and so is the neuter group which dislikes marriage and its duties and has no avocation for marriage or motherhood. The number who postpone marriage for one reason or another until they've missed the last boat is very large; and these are the women who would do things differently if they had another chance.

Here in these forlorn statistics are the girls who undervalue and overvalue themselves. A woman who does not consider herself worth while is not worth a man's while. Dr. Reik believes that overvaluation of oneself leads to the same mistake as does a low opinion of oneself. A highly popular girl in her 'teens and early twenties may refuse one man after another who comes courting her because she has a mental image of herself as worthy only of a superlative male who never was and never will be. She's sure her unique Prince Charming will turn up in a convertible Cadillac and marry her whenever she's ready. Meantime, all the men she meets are jerks. When she's forty, she's still waiting.

IN HER TWENTIES, too, a girl may be silly enough to pass up marriage because she's been over-educated or propagandized out of true understanding and appreciation of running a house, loving a man and rearing a family, and all that means. With far too many young women, making a home is not a labor of love which brings its own great rewards; it's just a nasty irksome business that's "beneath them." Occupations and careers for women outside the home may be just as irksome, but they involve wages and profit. Homemaking for women does not; and homemaking has been made to appear inferior and undesirable. It isn't until these young women, too, reach their forties that they

realize what a wonderful sanctuary a home is, what a shield against the buffetings of life, how unwise they were in youth not to have made sacrifices and taken out "husband insurance" against the empty loneliness of middle life.

Marriage is the only career for women. It's the best life for men, too, but that's another story. And it has some practical aspects not generally realized. For instance, the record shows that fewer married people go to jail than single ones; fewer go crazy; fewer commit suicide; a married person is regarded more favorably socially; and married people live longer.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's statistics show that chances of survival are greater for the married than the single by far. Marriage selects the healthier lives and creates a more healthful environment. This decline in mortality among married women is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the death rate has been cut in half in 50 years, from 16 per 1,000 in 1900 to about 8 per 1,000 today. It improved for unmarried women, too, but by a substantially smaller ratio.

Marriage is a woman's destiny. She should have a man to live with to achieve the fullest realization of herself as a woman; and for the warmth and simple, quiet happiness of companionship. He's mighty handy to have around to pay the bills, too; and to close the bedroom window on a cold winter morning.

GENEVA:

Thirteen Millions Enslaved

BY ANTHONY TRAWICK BOUSCAREN

IN 1938, the appeasers at the League of Nations bargained away Ethiopia in the interest of "peace" over the objections of Haile Selassie. That same year, Chamberlain and Daladier achieved "peace" at Munich, disposing of Czechoslovakia without the consent of the Czechs. In 1945, Roosevelt and Churchill bargained away Poland and Manchuria "in the interest of Allied unity" without consulting the Polish Exile Government or Chiang Kai-shek. At Potsdam, Truman and the British agreed to the partition of Germany and Austria without the Germans or the Austrians having anything to say about it. This was "peace."

In 1953, at Panmunjom the United States capitulated to the Chinese Communists in Korea without the consent of the Koreans. "Peace" was bought at the expense of North Korea, 1,000 American war prisoners, and the goodwill of the Republic of Korea. We consulted the British, and India, but not Korea.

And now history repeats itself. The French (with our acquiescence) make "peace" with the Viet Minh Communists on terms laid down by Molotov and Chou. Thirteen million Vietnamese are turned over to Communist tyranny — without their consent and over their strenuous objections. Viet Nam's Foreign Minister, Tran Van Do, echoed the bitterness of Syngman Rhee when he said on July 21st: "We have been presented with a *fait accompli*. We were not consulted and were informed of the decisions only after they had been taken. Our fate has been decided without us."

This is the measure of moral degradation of containment and "coexistence." If it is our objective to coexist with Soviet tyranny (and this appears to be our policy), and we know ahead of time that the Soviets will make no real concessions to maintain coexistence, then quite clearly we are committed to further concessions and retreat in order to realize our fine wishes of living in a

world half slave and half free.

Thus, in order to maintain coexistence we allowed the Chinese Communists to remain in North Korea (which they had successfully invaded) in violation of UN resolutions. They were not there when the war started, but they received North Korea as the price of "coexistence." We denied victory to MacArthur and Van Fleet and held Syngman Rhee back for the privilege of coexisting with the tyrants who murdered 10,000 American fighting men.

THE DISASTER at Geneva is similar in many ways to that at Panmunjom. At the latter Munich, the "neutrals" were Poland, Czechoslovakia, India, Sweden and Switzerland. At Geneva, they were Poland, India, and Canada. In both instances freedom was outvoted at the outset. But most strikingly, "peace" was achieved against the wishes of the people concerned. Yet the pathetic protests of Rhee and Viet Nam's Tran Van Do seem to have smitten few diplomatic consciences. Not even the conscience of the man who recently said: "I shall never be a partner to the enslavement of any peoples." This man, of course, was the President of the United States, in the Year of Our Lord, 1954. Thirteen million Vietnamese wonder about his integrity.

Earlier this year there was a good deal of bold talk about a new policy: "massive retaliation." At the same

time our leaders warned the enemy with such threats as "united action," and by describing Indo-China as the "cork in the bottle."

But the Soviets long ago learned that although we may talk tough on occasion, we will make the necessary concessions when the time comes, because they know that it is our objective to "coexist" with them. They have no such handcuffs on their policy.

The East Germans had heard the new American leadership in 1952 talk boldly about "liberation." Indeed, Dwight D. Eisenhower was quite specific about this in his 1952 address to the American Legion convention in New York. Encouraged, the East Germans proceeded to try and liberate their homeland. What happened then is, of course, a matter of record. Our Chief Executive told a press conference in June, 1953: "I sympathize with them, but we are not going to help them." At the same time, our radio voice abroad assured the Soviets that we had no hand in the uprising, and that we would not lend a hand. The T-34 tanks proceeded to roll over the torn bodies of East German anti-Communists.

BUT the Geneva "peace," coming on top of the Panmunjom catastrophe, is proof positive to small countries and defenseless peoples all over the world that the United States, as leader of the Free World, will abandon them if necessary, in

order to maintain "coexistence" with Soviet tyranny.

If the past is any indication, here is the pattern for the future: The Cold War becomes hot in Thailand; Thailand asks for help; Britain and India demand a conference with the Russians, Chou, and the "Free Thai" leader; "peace" is achieved by giving northern Thailand to the Communists; everybody agrees to this except the Thailand Government; a "neutral" commission consisting of Poland, the Viet Minh, India, and Australia is created to supervise the truce and hold "elections." This pattern is repeated in Burma and Malaya.

Then East Pakistan is given to the Communist world in return for a "guarantee" of free elections. Mao Tse-tung proceeds to inform Nehru that "peace" can be maintained if India is divided at the 20th parallel, with the new Communist North India being admitted into the UN. Meantime Red China has been admitted into the UN in return for a promise that it won't take Formosa for two years, and will then hold free elections.

Malenkov announces that "Communism is not for export" and asks Anthony Eden to use his good offices to arrange a conference on France and Italy. Secretary Dulles flies to Paris and announces that he will never be a partner to partition. Vice-President Nixon tells the VFW convention that France and Italy are the "cork in the bottle of Eu-

rope." The Brussels conference partitions France at the 46th parallel and Italy at the 42nd. Walter Bedell Smith announces that "The United States delegation is very pleased . . . we share the fervent hopes of millions . . . that an important step has been taken toward a lasting peace in Europe which will establish the right of the peoples of that area to determine their own future." A neutral commission is then empowered to brainwash those in South France and South Italy to insure that no "warmongers" will threaten the "peace."

Malenkov, Chou, Nehru, Duclos, and Togliatti meet in Paris for one final "peace appeal." Dulles and Eden appear, and are told that coexistence can be assured if the United States is divided at the 38th parallel (in accordance with the Korean precedent) and Britain at the 54th, with London to be neutralized, under a commission consisting of White Russia, the Ukraine, Red China, and Denmark. When Dulles and Eden protest, Chou reminds them that "after all, Germany, Austria, Korea, Viet Nam, Thailand, Burma, Malaya, India, France, and Italy are also partitioned."

Mrs. Roosevelt and the American Association for the UN warn against "any extension of the conflict" by rejection of the "conciliatory terms" which will insure "peace in our time."

Peace, it's wonderful.

THE BLADE

with a

DUAL CHARACTER

BY M. D. BELLAMY

THE MACHETE is an implement with a Jekyll-Hyde quality. In its peacetime role it cannot be surpassed as the most useful of all agricultural and home-making tools. As a weapon of war it is unexcelled in the elimination of enemies, whether animal, snake, whiskers, grass, trees, or human beings.

To every native, plantation owner, adventurer, explorer, or soldier in the tropics, the most utilitarian of implements is the machete. Owning one of these blades is almost as good as owning a third hand.

To the soldier stationed in the tropics, a machete is as necessary as his K rations. Very often more so, because it can make the difference between his sudden exit from or his continuance in this world.

To the native in the tropics, the machete is an indispensable companion. It helps build his home, kills his animal food supply, and many

times settles his personal differences. You can take the native's wife, but lay a hand on his machete and you may be minus your hand.

To the plantation owner, a machete is a faithful servant. Without the machete, there would be little cultivation of his chicle, rubber, coffee, bananas, or sugar cane. Indeed, there would be very little left of his plantation.

To the explorer in the jungle, a machete is a protecting partner fully capable of cutting a path through dense underbrush or neatly slicing through the body of a thick boa constrictor. Also, it dispenses with the necessity of carrying a razor.

To the man or woman who ventures into the jungle for the sheer pleasure it gives them to explore the unfamiliar, the machete becomes all of the things it is. Millions of people all over the world have sworn that they could not exist without one.

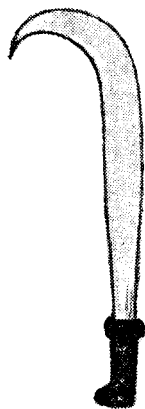
To a regiment stationed in tropical or semi-tropical regions, the machete is a powerful weapon, and a useful tool. Elephant grass is razor sharp and grows with great speed. It would be almost impossible to keep this grass under control were it not for the machete. For that matter, the tool can be used as an ax equally as well as a grass-cutter. Any bush or small tree up to four inches thick can be lopped off easily with a 32-inch machete.

EACH tropical regiment, of course, has its native guide. It is one of his duties to go ahead of the regiment on a march to watch for boa constrictors. When one is sighted, the guide shouts a warning and the soldiers make like statues along the trail. Then the guide starts his machete in a pendulum-like swing — back and forth, back and forth. The boa is charmed by the rhythm and starts swaying its head and part of its body in unison with the arc of the blade. Suddenly, the glittering knife flicks out, and the execution is accomplished. The statues come to life, and the march continues.

Even in this world of guided missiles and atomic weapons, the machete holds its place as a weapon unparalleled for certain types of fighting. During World War II in heavy fighting on many Pacific islands, that large, formidable blade became a spearhead of conquest. In New Guinea, the machete is so

highly prized the natives will do almost anything to get possession of one. In one section which was badly infested with infiltrating Japs, the natives were loaned machetes with the proviso that, for each Jap disposed of, the executioner would be given a machete and a bag of rice. Little wonder that with this added incentive, the natives soon ended the Japanese infiltration. The total cost to Uncle Sam: a thousand machetes and a few hundred pounds of rice.

The U. S. Marine Corps has long known the value of the machete, and



issued knives to its officers and men, in two sizes. One, which is usually known as a corpsman's knife, since it is issued to Navy corpsmen attached to Marine units, is approximately a foot and a half long, and is described as being similar to a thin meat cleaver, except that the end is rounded rather than

square. The other knife, approximately two feet long, is described by a Marine officer as being on the lines of a Turkish kris.

The natives of thirty-five countries depend on the long, tempered-steel blade of the machete for far more than agrarian help. With the machete, the native cuts the bamboo and palm leaves to build his house.

He hollows his canoe out of a log. He kills the animals which are his main source of food. Revolutions and personal brawls south of the Rio Grande are often settled with the swing of a machete or machetes.

ODDLY enough, the first machetes were made in the United States and exported to the tropics in 1840. Prior to that time, the natives relied on crude weapons made from stone and the hardest types of wood. Today, there are more than four hundred different types of machetes. Their patterns depend mainly on the whims of certain localities or the special needs of certain crops. The knives range in length from 9½ inches to wicked 36-inch blades. Some have voluptuous curves like the Turkish scimitar; some are blunted at the tip; some are square at the end; some are slivered to a point.

Multiplicity of design is one of the reasons why the machete business continues to flourish. Each country, even each section of a country, prefers its own particular type machete. The Republic of Columbia is a good example of how tastes within a country vary. Employees on interior plantations use a 22-inch blade with a thick curve at the top. Colombians near the coast swear by a blade of the same length, but with a very slight curve near the end of the blade. But, for dress, all Colombians agree and carry an 18-inch,

straight blade with three grooved channels in its side. All machetes for Cuba must have "flattened tips." All machetes delivered to Costa Ricans and Puerto Ricans must be painted bright red. And so it goes.

The indispensability of the machete is recognized more in foreign countries than it is in the United States. During World War II, a worried Latin American delegation visited the State Department inquiring whether or not the supply of machetes would continue uninterrupted to their respective countries. The representatives assured the State Department that the agricultural systems of their countries would actually collapse if the flow of machetes should be cut off for even a short period of time. The delegation exhaled an audible and unanimous sigh of relief when it was informed that high priorities for steel had been issued for the production of machetes, and that normal civilian export demands would be filled in addition to the million or more machetes required by U. S. troops stationed in tropical countries.

In 1946, Latin American customers alone bought 5,000,000 machetes. In 1948, a thousand dozen of the long blades were produced each day and shipped to almost every country in the world. And today, this almost fabulous tool-weapon continues to be one of the most popular and necessary pieces of equipment yet devised by man.



THE AMERICA OF SONYA IDELSON



By Joseph Stocker

"HEY, LADY, you'd better take that little girl off the rail before she falls in the water!" Sonya realized, with a start, that the husky MP, down on the dock, was addressing her. She had hoisted Shirley to the ship's rail to see the flashing lights of New Orleans while the family waited to debark.

She felt a sudden flush of embarrassment as she quickly lowered Shirley to the deck. But there came a tiny surge of pleasure, too. How different was this America from Europe! In Europe nobody seemed to care what happened to your child. In America the welfare of your child was of concern to everybody.

This was Sonya Idelson's first impression of the United States. It was a good impression — an impression shared by thousands of DP's (displaced persons) who have found a new and happier life in our land.

It was Labor Day of 1949 that Sonya Idelson arrived from Munich, Germany. There were, besides Sonya, her husband, David, and

the children, Herbert and Shirley.

Sonya was twenty-eight then — tall, attractive and gracefully poised, with hair the color of darkened bamboo. If you had occasion to look, you might have noticed, on her left leg, a deep blue scar the size of a quarter. This was her memento of a five-year passage through hell.

It began in 1940 with the Communists. Sonya lived in Lithuania. Her family owned a small business — a crime in the eyes of the Communists. And so, when they invaded Lithuania, they seized the business and hustled Sonya's parents off to Siberia. She never saw them again. She herself was spared only because she was married to a young Lithuanian worker.

In 1941 the Nazis came and picked up where the Communists left off. Sonya was guilty of a crime in their eyes, also. She was a Jewess. The Nazis killed her husband and her sister, Chaya, and then they herded her into one of their infamous ghettos, in the city of Kovno.

Thousands of Jews died in the Kovno ghetto. But Sonya lived. She was a little stronger than the others, perhaps — or a little luckier.

After the ghetto came the concentration camps. Sonya's luck almost failed her. She stumbled as she was clambering aboard a Nazi truck one day and cut a great gash in her leg. Infection set in. She was lashed to a bed while a doctor cut out the infection without anesthetic.

The closing months of the war were a wretched odyssey from one concentration camp to another, one misery to another. Sonya walked for miles, her feet bound in cloth. She was whipped by SS guards. Her weight, normally around 130, fell to eighty pounds. She was not far from death when, early in 1945, the Russians liberated her.

THROUGH the war-blasted clutter of central Europe, she made her way finally to Munich. There she met David Idelson. They had known each other in the Kovno ghetto. David was sixteen years older and had gone through his own personal hell. The Communists had confiscated his business and then the Nazis murdered his wife and daughter. David and his teen-age son, Herbert, managed to survive the concentration camps. Perhaps it was the same miracle that spared Sonya.

In Munich, Sonya and David were married. Shirley was born, and the Idelsons applied for permission to come to America.

When the refugee boat reached New Orleans, a band was playing on the dock, and a banner overhead said, "WELCOME, NEW AMERICANS." "They received us so warm," says David, "it was like a father receiving his children." As they stepped off the gangplank, David knelt and kissed the cement.

The Idelsons' destination was Phoenix, Arizona. David had a cousin there in the wholesale business. His name was Howard Bendalin. David, with a tiny hoard of money which he had sent out of Lithuania ahead of the Communists, acquired a car. Then he bought some merchandise from Bendalin to peddle from town to town. He carried a notebook in which were written the various items that he offered for sale — bobby pins, shoestrings, razor blades . . . He knew only enough English to say, "My name is David Idelson. I am a DP. I sell —" And then he would show his customer the notebook.

It was terribly hard. On his first day out, David sold \$30 worth of merchandise. On his second day, he sold 80 cents' worth. On the third — nothing.

SONYA was bewildered by her new environment, and, with David away for a week at a time, she felt frightfully alone. Kindly women from the community came in to help. But they also stared. Sonya says she felt like an animal in a zoo.

Her visitors were startled at her

unique, old-world approach to housekeeping. She had never heard of floor wax or furniture polish. And one day the people living in the apartment below noticed strange brown stains on the ceiling. Sonya had cleaned her hardwood floors by sloshing whole buckets of water over them, just as she had done in the concentration camp barracks.

Housekeeping was made even more burdensome because David was conducting his business out of their apartment. The place bulged with bobby pins, shoestrings and razor blades. One bedroom had to be given over entirely to cartons and crates stacked ceiling-high.

Grocery shopping was a source of confusion, yet a source of delight as well. Sonya had never before encountered supermarkets, and her eyes popped at the abundance she saw after Europe's postwar austerity. "My first bills were terrible," she says. Sonya knew what she wanted but she didn't know the word for it. The Idelsons never were quite sure what they were eating those days.

Nor had Sonya ever heard of the odd American custom of broiling steak. One of David's customers gave him a voluptuous T-bone to take home. He said to broil it for ten minutes. Sonya fried it for ten minutes and it was so tough and tasteless that she threw it away.

Her first encounter with a Laundromat had an Alice-in-Wonderland quality about it. "The lady took my

clothes and said I should sit down and read a book," Sonya recalls. "I'd never heard of such a thing." For that matter, she had never even seen a washing machine.

Door-to-door salesmen found her a peculiarly disconcerting prospect. A salesman would deliver a long and breathless harangue. When he finished, Sonya would shake her head and convey the fact that she hadn't understood a word he said. "It was," she says, with unconscious humor, "all French to me."

AMERICA, for the Idelsons, was an enigmatic, fascinating, wonderful place. They realized that their Americanization would proceed only as fast as they attained a knowledge of our language. Both of them enrolled in an English night class for immigrants. During the daytime, as she did her housework, Sonya kept the radio on unceasingly. She understood little of what she heard, but she wanted to be bombarded with the language — saturated with it. She and David went to drive-in movies every chance they had. Not for entertainment. Just for words — the words of America. And especially the idiom of America. "I am een thee dough," Sonya announced one day to a friend, and she was very much pleased with herself. It was one of her first ventures in American slang.

If the process of adjustment was difficult for Sonya and David, it was almost traumatic for little Shirley.

She spoke only German. An impenetrable wall stood between her and other children. She wanted pitifully to be one of them, but, not understanding her, they rejected her.

Shirley knew one word. It was "Sandy," the name of a little girl in an apartment across the court. She answered all questions with "Sandy." Where was she going? "Sandy." How did she feel? "Sandy."

The child was overwhelmed with a sense of aloneness. She cried incessantly, slept in fitful snatches and went on hunger strikes. The problem was solved in an unexpected way, eventually.

The fact that Sonya had become pregnant again complicated things still further, although both Sonya and David wanted another child. It would be their first born on free American soil.

During her pregnancy, Sonya had bad dreams — the same dreams that haunted her while she was carrying Shirley in Munich. Someone — she was never sure if it was a German or a Russian — wanted to kill her baby. She was running in panic, with the child in her arms. In the middle of the night she would scream and wake herself up.

Sonya hoped for a girl so that she could name her after her dead sister, Chaya. David knew it would be a boy, and it was. They named him Charles and called him Chuckie. He has Sonya's hair but he looks

like David. He's a robust, healthy youngster — as David puts it, "a real American citizen."

CHUCKIE's coming was good for Shirley. It diverted her and eased her loneliness. And as she learned English and established communication with those around her, her adjustment proceeded apace. She is a happy child now and thoroughly assimilated. She has forgotten every word of German. When her Sunday school teacher told Sonya a short time ago that Shirley was at the top of her class, it was a moment of exultation for the entire family.

Marked change has taken place in Sonya, too. With constant, conscious effort, she has made herself over. Gone is the frightened, awkward alien, knowing only the ways of the old country. In her place stands the American Sonya Idelson — confident, efficient, well-adjusted, an average housewife accepted by other average American housewives in her community as one of them.

In the process of Americanizing herself, Sonya has had to Americanize David to a considerable extent, too. David's concept of family life was strictly old-world. The husband was lord-and-master. He ran the business; the wife kept house and attended to the children. But Sonya discovered that in America things were different. There was far more share-and-share-alike in family living. Wives weren't glorified lack-

eyes; they were individuals. Sonya wanted some of that for herself, and she went to work on David. Today David helps with the children, and one night a week he babysits while Sonya plays mah-jongg with the girls. David himself probably isn't aware of how much he has changed, but Sonya is. And she's very quietly pleased about it.

The fact that David is doing well in his business — and thus providing well for his family — undoubtedly has contributed to Sonya's adjustment as well as his, and to their growing contentment. David has his own wholesale firm now — dry goods and notions — and two employees.

David's experiences in Europe have turned out to be a handy ice-breaker with new customers. They've been hearing a lot about Communism, and they ask him how it was over there — what was it like to live under the Communists? "Every man is a robot," he tells them. "Communism is built on robbery and lies. It is no different from Hitler. A Communist is a machine, an engine. He is nobody. Nothing exists for him except the Party."

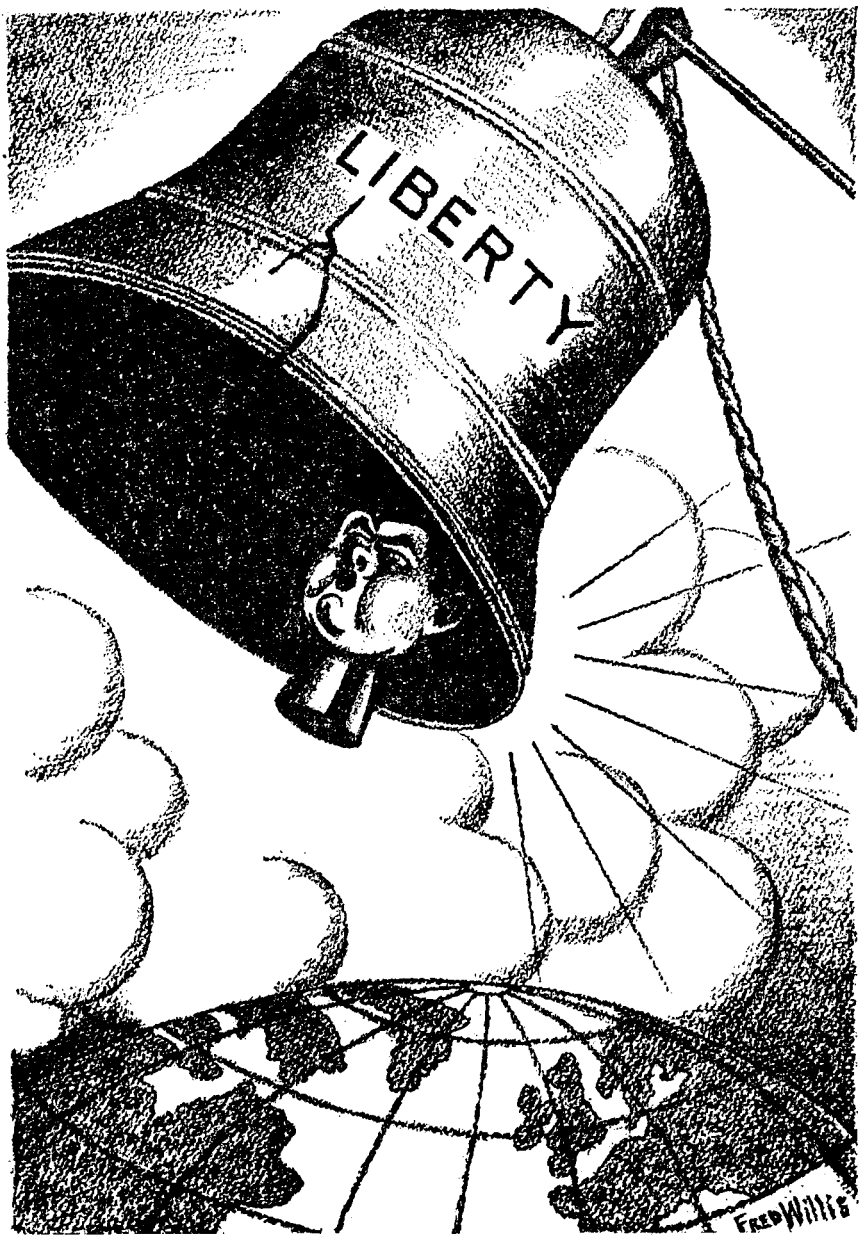
Sonya, when her friends ask her the same question, answers more simply but with no less intensity. "If all the Communists in the United States," she says, "would go for a little trip to Russia, just for one month, they would return the biggest enemies of Communism."

EVEN after some years in America, Sonya still savors deliciously the wonder of being free again. "Here," she says, "I am not afraid to speak up. If I find something that is not right, I tell what I think. I have —" with a small, embarrassed smile, she makes another valiant stab at our elusive slang — "I have the big tongue."

Not long ago the Idelsons bought their own home. It's in a typical middle-class development and it's commodious and modern, although for quite a while it was sparsely furnished. Sonya, enthralled by American gadgets, insisted on having a washing machine and a television set even before they had a couch to sit on.

The house came equipped, however, with two bathrooms. This is a fact which is supremely important to Sonya, and for reasons other than the convenience of it. To her there is something vaguely but triumphantly symbolic about having two bathrooms.

But Sonya, new as she is to America, knows already that this country means infinitely more than the privilege of having two bathrooms. The America of Sonya Idelson is a place where one may have "the big tongue" — where others care, even as you, about the well-being of your child. It is a place where one, having had the strength to live when that took all the strength one had, may come and live again in peace.



Not Cast In Our Mold!

AMERICA'S



MASTER



BLUNDER

THE UNITED NATIONS

By Harold Lord Varney

THE United Nations isn't doing so well these days. The over-paid carphone-wearers still go through their mumbo jumbo at the glass city on the East River. Publicity hand-outs still roll in a suffocating stream from the UN multigraph rooms — mostly about Ralph Bunche and Krishna Menon. UN busybodies are messing around (on generous expense vouchers) at a hundred hand-out points in Asia, Africa, and the Near East. There is an impressive show of tense activity.

But it is only a show. Behind this pretentious fuss and bother is the crushing fact that every important international decision of the last two or three years has been made not at United Nations, but in Geneva and Paris and Colombo and Manila and Brussels. History is passing the UN by.

Only the other day, one of the UN fathers, Carlos P. Romulo, past president of the General Assembly, announced sadly that "the UN is dying." General Mark P. Clark summed up an immense body of current American opinion when he urged that the UN "should be re-organized as a United Nations against the Soviet Union." If and when Red China gets the Chinese Security Council seat, the demand that America follow Senator Knowland's advice and get out of the whole muddle is certain to become thunderous.

But this does not mean that we will do any such rational thing. The UN, in its nine ambitious years, has sunk its roots so deeply in the American pressure-group soil that logic has ceased to play a part in American adherence. Even in its

present deglamorized state, the UN is an almost indispensable instrument for the power politics of the Eleanor Roosevelts, the Adlai E. Stevensons and the James T. Shotwells. Its bandwagon has become a collect-all for the ambitious company of the internationalists, the peace-at-any-pricers, the Anglophiles, the Foundation top brass, the civil liberties careerists, the Socialists, the ADA-ers, the social gospelers, the progressive educators, the trade-union Reutherites, the Mahatma Ghandi cultists, the Titoists and all the other softies who make up the so-called "Liberal" coalition. This slippery coterie would never permit the UN to die or America to withdraw without a convulsive struggle which would tear apart our national unity. Barring some unexpected major world development, we are probably saddled with the United Nations for years to come.

UNHAPPILY, while the UN lasts, its effect upon American foreign policy will be poisonous. Since 1945, virtually every humiliating American defeat at the hands of Russia has been directly traceable to our abject subordination to the UN.

The tally of our gains and losses from nine years of UN membership is desolating.

On the negative side, UN membership has given us: (1) the subtraction of 470,000,000 Chinese from the Free World side; (2) a disgraceful American defeat in Korea in a

war which we could have won promptly without UN restrictions; (3) a sell-out in Indochina, after a British cabinet veto blocked the Eisenhower administration from armed intervention at a moment when we might have saved Vietnam; (4) acceptance by the United States of all the odium of "colonialism" through our profitless alliance with Britain and France; (5) alienation from American world policies of a huge bloc of formerly friendly peoples, including India, Indonesia and the Arab nations; (6) above all, the tragic wastage of nine years of American military and atomic superiority when, without the incumbance of the UN, we could have imposed an enlightened and permanent American hegemony upon the world.

Against these losses, we have to show for our half-billion-dollar UN contribution: (1) Mrs. Roosevelt's *Declaration of Human Rights*; (2) Professor Lemkin's Genocide Pact, (3) GAAT, with its plan to torpedo the American protective tariff system and open the American home market to our trade rivals; (4) UNESCO, with its project to rewrite human history, anthropology and biology to conform with the "One World" thesis; (5) supply of an international sounding board, in the Security Council and the Assembly, for headline-winning Communist propaganda.

It is a balance sheet of stark ruin for America.

With such a record of disaster, it would be natural to assume that the United Nations was something into which we were entrapped and which we entered through the guile or the insistence of other nations. The contrary is the case. In sober fact, it was the United States which insisted during the closing war years that our wartime allies bind themselves to go into a permanent post-war United Nations. It was Franklin D. Roosevelt and his inane palace advisers who were the unquestioned (and proud) daddies of this booby-trap. We enjoy the melancholy distinction of being the carpenters of our own coffin.

LEGEND, I know, has told the story differently. Many Americans believe fixedly that we are in the United Nations as a result of the scheming of Stalin or the Machiavellianism of Churchill. Actually, the story is more humiliating. We are doomed to an Ancient Mariner ride with the United Nations because Roosevelt, in America's supreme hour, decided weakly that America must share its postwar world leadership with Russia and Britain. It is doubtful if Stalin, even in the wildest flight of his imagination, ever anticipated that Roosevelt, with future world hegemony in his hands, would be such a dupe. When the President gave the signal that he wasn't going to demand an American peace, both Stalin and Churchill rushed in to the kill and

became vociferous United Nations advocates.

For a few months in 1945, the United States faced an opportunity which comes only once in centuries — the opportunity to make a happier world in which free men could live securely. To please Russia, we exchanged this epochal chance for a United Nations mess of pottage.

Historians will long debate the question, why Roosevelt made this historic blunder. The answer is to be found in the climate of opinion which saturated the White House during the bewildered years between 1941 and 1945. During these years, Washington moved in a daze of somnambulism in all its Russian policies. Grossly over-estimating the Hitler danger to this hemisphere, the Roosevelt-Willkie interventionists worked themselves up into an almost psychopathic mystique about Russia. In their minds, America was incapable of standing alone, either in war or in the postwar peace, without a lockstep with Russia. Constant brooding on this theme by Roosevelt intimates induced an end-of-the-war mood in which the placation of Russia became the dominating American policy.

How great was the role of outright American Communists in pumping up this pro-Soviet obsession is conjectural. It was important. But the Communists could not have made an impress if the Washington ruling clique of the early 'forties had not been in a mentality to be horn-

swoggled. It was the non-Communist dupes who surrounded Roosevelt who did the most abject grovel in their kowtow to the Kremlin.

SURROUNDING the impressionable Roosevelt, and subtly guiding his thinking, were such Russophiles as Harry L. Hopkins, Henry Agard Wallace, Lauchlin Currie, David K. Niles, Archibald MacLeish, and always the ubiquitous Eleanor. In a second encircling rank were such pro-Russian trend-followers as General Marshall, Sumner Welles, Edward R. Stettinius, John G. Winant, Thomas W. Lamont, Joseph E. Davies, Wendell L. Willkie, Robert P. Patterson, Robert E. Sherwood, and Elmer Davis.

This whole "please-Stalin" group were the gong-ringers for the United Nations when it first took semblance in 1944 and 1945. In their councils the United Nations became a sacred cow, scarcely less sacrosanct than "our noble ally," Russia itself.

An almost lone voice for sanity was that of General George P. Patton who on April 26, 1944, suggested that the United States and Great Britain together had the destiny to rule the world. Secretary of War Stimson, in shocked dismay, hastily repudiated the statement on behalf of the War Department; Patton had committed the grave sin of omitting Russia.

The weight of the Washington pro-Soviet pressure during the war may be measured by the fact that

even so stalwart an anti-Communist as Cordell Hull succumbed to the hysteria and journeyed to Moscow on November 1, 1943, to conclude a pact with Molotov and Edey, pledging the United States to enter a postwar world organization with Russia and Britain.

Earl Browder, then general secretary of the Communist Party, jubilantly hailed the Moscow Conference. "The world has opened a new epoch in its history," he exulted.

This Moscow Conference may be noted as the actual birthday of the postwar United Nations. At this historic meeting, America definitely renounced independence of postwar action and tied her future to Russia. Actually it was the date on which America lost the peace.

BEFORE the Moscow Conference, the United States stood in an impregnable strategic position to dominate the postwar world. Approaching the end of the war with terrific and growing offensive power, even before the atom bomb gave us the final crusher, all we needed to do was to preserve our postwar independence of all alliances. We would then have held the decisive balance-of-power position between Russia and Western Europe, with both sides vying with each other, in concessions, to win our favor. The United States, under its frightened 1941-45 leaders, tossed away this enviable central position to achieve the Dead Sea fruit of a United Nations

When the history of our times is written in perspective, Franklin D. Roosevelt will be seen as the President who had all the aces in his hand in 1944, and who lost the jackpot to a low deuce.

After Moscow, plans were speeded by the administration to get the postwar United Nations in formation. A first step was the designation on December 9, 1943, of Leo Pasvolsky to head up an agenda group.

Pasvolsky, not personally a Communist sympathizer, appointed a group which was heavily loaded by men who had been trusting dupes of the pro-Communists in previous situations.

With such color blindness in the agenda group, it is not surprising that the United States got off early on a "trust Stalin" foot in its preparations for the UN.

IN April, 1944, the ailing Secretary Hull turned over the preparations for the UN to Edward R. Stettinius, who was to succeed him as Secretary in December of that year. Stettinius visited England in April, conferred at length with Anthony Eden, and reached an agreement to hold a preliminary organizing meeting in Washington later that year. As his chief adviser in the London talks Stettinius took with him Dr. Isaiah Bowman, later conspicuous as Owen Lattimore's champion at Johns Hopkins.

No more unfortunate choice than

Stettinius could have been made to launch the United Nations. A vain, pliable man, he was easily dominated by the pro-Soviet clique which was then consolidating in the State Department. His particular favorite in the Department was Alger Hiss, who had then risen to the rank of director of the office of special political affairs. On March 7, 1946, J. Anthony Panuch, who was conducting a survey of State Department personnel for Secretary James F. Byrnes, wrote in a confidential report that "Hiss exercises Svengali-like influence over the mental processes of Stettinius."

Whether he was a Svengali or not, Hiss soon supplanted both Pasvolsky and Bowman as the No. 1 man on United Nations planning at the State Department. Stettinius placed Hiss in charge of arrangements for the Dumbarton Oaks conference in Washington, August 21 to September 28, 1944, where, together with Russia and Britain, the United States drafted the future form of the United Nations. The Dumbarton Oaks confab was a hush-hush affair at which the press and public were excluded; but the UN in virtually its present form emerged from the shadows.

As one of the chief architects of Dumbarton Oaks, it was inevitable that Stettinius should take Hiss with him to Yalta. At this conference it is noteworthy that Hiss was present with Roosevelt and Stalin at the session (to which Stettinius was not

invited) where the agreement was made to give Russia three UN votes, to match one United States vote. At Yalta, Russia gave its final OK to the Dumbarton Oaks blueprints and the call was issued for a San Francisco follow-up.

Again, with Stettinius' trusting support, Hiss was the central UN figure. He was named Secretary General of the San Francisco conference. As director of the State Department office of special political affairs, Hiss was given the authority to organize the United States delegation. With smiling-faced efficiency he ran the show at San Francisco, where all the important decisions were made not on the conference floor, but in Secretary Stettinius' penthouse at the Fairmont. Among those whom he recommended to Stettinius was Dalton Trumbo, later to go to prison in the Communist "Hollywood Ten" case. Trumbo ghost-wrote Stettinius' speeches at San Francisco.

In a suffocating odor of appeasement, the United States yielded to Russia at San Francisco on the three issues upon which she insisted: (1) no international police force; (2) veto rights in the Security Council; (3) three votes for Russia in the Assembly, to America's one.

THE aftermath of San Francisco gave Hiss his real opportunity. After Stettinius left the Secretaryship, Hiss found another powerful backer in the Department in the per-

son of Dean G. Acheson, who became Under-Secretary when James F. Byrnes was appointed. Hiss, with Acheson's approval, submitted a plan under which direction of United Nations affairs would be under his direction, as Assistant Secretary. This plan would have undercut the Foreign Service officers in State Department policy-making and would have funneled all important policy decisions through Hiss and the United Nations, where Stettinius was now American Ambassador. It was a gambit to establish UN domination over American foreign policy.

Byrnes rejected this project, but in another move, Hiss put his Communistic mark upon the UN for years to come. In the confusion of the early UN career, the recruitment of the American secretarial staff was assigned to Hiss. He proceeded to stack the important UN posts with pro-Communists, many of whom remained in office until the McCarran Committee and Roy M. Cohn smoked them out. Altogether, Hiss recommended 477 individuals for UN staff jobs. Forty-six of these Hiss nominees were employed by the UN. As late as March 23, 1953, thirty-two of them were still on the UN payroll. In making these recommendations, Hiss ignored an order by Secretary Byrnes establishing a "hands-off" policy on UN jobs.

Throughout its first year, the spirit of Yalta completely dominated the new UN. The Hiss in-

fluence in the State Department did not go into eclipse until 1946 when J. Edgar Hoover, who had Hiss's dossier, intervened to urge his suspension. When Winston Churchill delivered his Columbia, Missouri, address, stigmatizing Russia as the enemy, President Truman at long last reversed the Roosevelt policy and moved into the Cold War. But by this time, the harm had been done and the opportunity to halt Russia had been finally lost. Thanks to the United Nations, the United States had immobilized itself and its vast power during the irrecoverable days when the great decisions had been made.

IT IS DIFFICULT to escape the conclusion that Communist Russia, with its cynical opportunism, deliberately exploited the naïve dogooder mood of the Roosevelt group, during the years between 1941 and 1945, to detour us into this UN *cul-de-sac*. While the Rooseveltians thought that they were building a new and liberal world, they were ushering in a Russian world for one-third of the human race. While they assured themselves that they had ended future war, actually they had made World War III inevitable — and on terms desperately dangerous to the survival of America. At the end of nine UN years, we find the

Free Nations demoralized, weakened and disunited. We find the Communist nations at the very perihelion of their power.

Do the United Nations addicts realize how irretrievably they have bungled the peace? Unhappily, they do not. With the same fatuity with which they whooped us into the UN in 1944 and 1945, the Mrs. Roosevelts, the Clark Eichelbergers, and the William Emersons who manipulate the American Association for the United Nations and all the far-flung subsidiary propaganda organizations in the UN network, are looking forward eagerly to 1955 when they propose, in the charter revision convention, to fasten the United Nations even more securely upon the American people. They have learned nothing from their own follies.

The saddening thing is that even the new Republican administration shows not the slightest inclination to get out from under this fatal Roosevelt-Truman legacy. On the contrary, from President Eisenhower down, present administration leaders continually reassure our "allies" that the future foreign policies of the United States will be based upon the United Nations.

In that determination they are, perhaps, writing the epilogue of American greatness.



GINSENG

By Joe DiGiovanni

THOUSANDS of persons in the United States make a living as wildcrafters, or leaf-peddlers, as they are also known. These wildcrafters gather all sorts of medicinal herbs which they sell to wholesalers or directly to drug companies. There are some three hundred such herbs, but the one that brings the highest prices is the ginseng root, which medical science says has no medicinal value whatever.

Right now you can get \$15 a pound for ginseng roots. In 1952, when the market was slow, ginseng brought \$12.50 a pound—a high price compared with other herbs. Mullein flowers, for instance, from which drugs for catarrh are made, bring about \$1.50 a pound. The prices of other herbs range from 15 cents a pound for dandelions to about \$8 a pound for goldenseal, with most of the in-between prices considerably lower than \$8 a pound.

The reason for ginseng's high prices is that, despite medical science's opinion of it, ginseng root is in constant high demand in China, where it is regarded as a sort of magical cure-all.

The name "ginseng" is derived from Chinese words meaning "man-like," and the reason for this name is that ginseng roots often do resemble human forms. Ordinary roots, which are not manlike, are used by the Chinese to make aromatic tea.

The manlike roots are each used for a specific purpose, depending on the outstanding characteristics of the roots. A root that resembles a running person, for example, will be purchased as a remedy for a leg-cripple, who will wear it around his neck in the belief it will give strength to his limbs. These manlike roots are the most expensive in the Chinese market, and it is said that some of them have brought the sellers as much as \$50 each.

The American ginseng plant is of slow growth. And, though it is likely to be found almost anywhere, it usually grows in well-drained, heavily shaded soil. It attains a height of about one foot, has three large, fingered leaves and two small ones on each stem, and it bears a considerable resemblance to the may apple. It is not easy to cultivate; and the cultivated variety, which needs at least a five-year growth to have market value, never sells for as much as the wild variety.

American ginseng picking goes back to the Indians of pre-colonial days and to the early settlers. Among those who went into this business was Daniel Boone, who operated on a large scale. In one year alone, 1788, he sold 15 tons of roots to a Philadelphia company, which made the picking nice, indeed. Today, that much ginseng would bring nearly half a million dollars!



Wild Turkey

KING OF BIRDS

By Nell Womack Evans

THE WILD TURKEY, rivaling the Indians for ownership rights to our land, playing ancestor to that bird on your Thanksgiving table, is quite a fellow. For a mere fowl he bears inordinately upon us with *Turkey in the Straw*, "the turkey trot," "turkey red," "cold turkey."

Here and there, in one species or another, the turkey has enlivened history since 850 A.D. when, according to Peruvian records, a pair of turkeys would purchase a human child to become a slave in a wealthy household. As a "guinea fowl," he flitted through sixteenth century Europe, and as an import from the British Isles commanded the astounding tariff of \$100 per bird.

The Aztec Indians domesticated him in Mexico; Emperor Montezuma featured him at his lush banquets; a Guatemalan princess, no prize herself, captured a Spanish officer with an extremely desirable dowry of 6,000 turkeys. An all-time high for a single turkey was reached

in the early 1700's—\$7,000, condemning poor Tom to carefully guarded cellars lest he become pirate's prey.

The American Pilgrims found the wild turkey in great plenty throughout the new land, from the Atlantic Coast to the Dakotas, from Canada's border to the Gulf. Friendly and unsuspicious when ignorant of man's wiles, feeding upon nuts from hickories, oaks and chestnuts, fruits of the dogwood, grapes and sumac, herbaceous plants, various insects, helping themselves to the Indians' corn, our magnificent and largest game fowl figures importantly in Colonial history. Alive he danced around frontier settlements; as food he united red man and white man in what proved to be the forerunner of our present Thanksgiving Day.

Though reduced in number, the wild turkey is still king of birds. Trim-looking in spite of his four-foot body, with long neck and legs and small head, he is much like his restless domestic cousins. A conspicuous patch of white feathers

over the rump marks one difference; trim greenish-blue cheeks and wattles contract with the puffy red of the tame Tom; and after the first molt, rosy shins instead of the black of the barnyard fowl. The coppery five-foot wingspread, distinctively beautiful, is not brilliant enough in the wild Tom to interfere with his need for protective coloring.

With a brain twice the size of a tame Tom's, feeding nervously and watchfully, the gobbler guards the flock, cutting loose with a noisy and challenging gobble at the mere suspicion of danger. Tom has no fixed gobbling territory but he will drive other males from any bailiwick and claim as many hens as he can attract.

His gobble is his love call; his strutting, courtship. During spring mating time, there is a belligerency directed at other males, especially yearling toms pining for a lady love. This often results in a battle to the death of the weaker male. Shunning all family responsibility once the honeymoon is over, the toms are again friends, running together, high-stepping, or taking wing as fancy dictates while the turkey hens, banded together to form a flock, trail meekly behind.

THE wild hen, with black, hair-like feathers and a smaller head than her gray-and-bald domestic cousin, is much more successful as a mother. Equipped with larger adrenal glands, she is a capable and protective mother, waiting for her ba-

bies through four weeks of setting in a nest. This she makes in a slight depression in the ground, lining it with a few leaves, which also serve for cover when she leaves the nest. The site she chooses to make her nest and lay her eleven or so buff, purplish polka-dot eggs is usually among low growth and well concealed.

The roost is home to the wild turkeys. They perch near the trunk, from lower limb to tiptop, in sheltered pines, from twilight to sunrise, fanning out from four to five square miles in daily feedings. In severe weather, turkeys will remain for days "at home," without food or drink unless they spy a nearby source readily reached by winged flight.

He is adroit, too, at blending himself with the countryside, hiding behind a tree to elude his enemy and then lickety-splitting it to his own stomping ground in a straight and hidden beeline. He can and does, however, fly when he is good and ready — at a 30-degree angle to rise to a treetop, with only an occasional wing-beat for a half-mile sail.

Today this king of birds survives — thanks to state conservation departments' programs — in roughly thirty per cent of his original range. He will, if given half a chance, recoup in numbers sufficiently to again lay claim to much habitable range, gracing our forests with his resonant gobble and wondrous strut, thrilling the nature lover lucky enough to spy him, or the hunter smart enough to bring him to bay.

R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R R

MEDICINE

Is Curing Me of Crime



BY HAROLD J. HALL

"How do you find?" the clerk asked the jury, which had spent no more than twenty minutes in its deliberations.

The answer was prompt and curt, "We find the defendant to be of unsound mind."

Thirty years of criminal activity, years wandering from place to place, defrauding inns, passing worthless checks, facing judges and courts, and serving short and long sentences both in jails and prisons from coast to coast — my criminal career was capped by the words of the presiding judge of the United States District Court of the District of Columbia in the City of Washington: "You are committed to the custody of the Superintendent of Saint Elizabeth's Hospital until cured or otherwise discharged by law."

The "otherwise" had only one meaning for me — dying. But that was a definition that came naturally

to the manic depressive and that was what the experts had diagnosed me to be. I had paid little attention to the weird proceedings, the sanity hearing, because I had completely lost any hope for the future.

But this was it — the end of the line. Nothing mattered unless it be that my life would come to its end soon and as painlessly as possible. There was nothing left for the foreseeable future. I was almost forty-seven years old, and according to the statutes of several states, I was an habitual criminal and a conviction would mean a life term.

What was done to me made little difference. I had managed to estrange all my family; I had no friends; I had stayed nowhere long enough to ever create a solid, normal life; I had been forever running away from myself, troubled by guilt feelings and acting out my rejections and frustrations in anti-social activ-

ity — never wanting to be a criminal, but stealing and defrauding for enough to eat and clothe myself and move on before my record was found out and I was exposed as the shameful being I was.

And none of it was necessary. I came from a prosperous middle-class immigrant family. During my childhood, I had a little better than the ordinary home; I spent most of my high school years in an expensive military school; I had financial assistance to take a college course; and I might have inherited a sufficient substance on which to build a good life, the kind of life my brothers live as respected and prosperous citizens of their communities, surrounded by family and friends, rich in responsibilities and love.

But even in my childhood I felt insecure. My father died when I was eleven and love died with him — for me. From then on, everything was rejection and hate and my path turned towards destruction.

The chronicle of the wandering would fill many pages — the almost sixteen years of the last thirty spent in serving time from Wales to California; the in-between times of employment, sometimes the branch manager of direct sales firms; copywriter in an advertising agency; administrative assistant in charge of public relations for a busy Midwest executive; fry cook in a hamburger joint; and chef in a swank dinner club; warrant officer and officer in the Canadian Army in action against

the Nazis, while being wanted as a fugitive felon and parole violator and the subject of a nation-wide search by the F.B.I. And the days and nights, too, of hunger and want and desperation; the flop houses and harvest fields; the cheap restaurants and dish washing. The whole was a nightmare of instability, irreligion, and immorality.

AND NOW on January 14, 1953, I entered the walled compound of Howard Hall, the maximum-security division of Saint Elizabeth's Hospital. I had heard about this place — all the horrors of a "bug house" for the criminally insane with all the hopelessness — plus my private hell of mixed fears, anxieties, guilt, and hate.

That was twenty months ago! I lived through the horrors of the early days — the 24-hour screened light in the bare observation room; the voices in the night of the restless patients; the ceaseless pounding on the walls of the violently disturbed; and the tremendous burden of realization — plus the conflict of hopeless desperation which could only be solved by suicide; the painful self-condemnation and shame; the nerve-racking mental dramatization of escape from reality; and the vicious dreams of the simultaneous destruction of all those who had ever frustrated my desires.

Fluctuating from the dream world of delusive self-grandeur, lording it over the world, honored and deco-

rated, to the realities of barred and walled imprisonment among the some 175 social outcasts — the mentally ill being treated while undergoing criminal court procedures of the District of Columbia, and the male mental patients who were uncontrollable in the other wards of the 7,500-bed mental hospital — I became a jittering, aching neurotic, capable of any violence, and only suppressing actual physical outbreaks because of the constant day and night observation and the accompanying sleeping potions, and nerve-quieting medicines prescribed by kindly young doctors.

And then after the first six or eight weeks, the horrors of the “insane asylum” began to recede and the spirit of hope that is prevalent at Saint Elizabeth’s Hospital, even behind the walls of Howard Hall, reached me. But hope was a delusion, my mind told me, and yet there was a hope; and the conflict of hope and hopelessness left me with splitting headaches, uncontrollable nervousness, raw emotions, a tic in my face, and an idiotically false smile, covering a suave cunning directed at “conning” the personnel and staff of the hospital.

I MUST have been an alarming monstrosity. At least, I think I must have been so, for late in March I was placed on daily insulin subshocks, treatments that I was sure would be the last for I would never survive the devastating shock of

this injection of insulin which provoked the pounding heart beat, the violent perspiration, the horrible shakes. Yet, when the treatment was broken by the welcomed, syrupy glucose gulped down, I was quieter and calmer.

For eight weeks, five shocks each week, I underwent these treatments, getting stout, gluttonish in my appetite for food, but always calmer, more at peace with my fellows and the hospital staff, shaken out of the dull, despondent depression, and thinking more clearly, freer but not free from the delusive day dreams.

And then upon assignment to group therapy, for the first time I began seriously to entertain the thought that for at least thirty-odd years I had been afflicted with a chronic mental disease. This was a shockingly hard thing to accept, for had I not invariably passed intelligence tests at school and in the army and when applying for jobs with marks well above the norm; chef, accountant, copywriter, salesman, executive? Crazy? Not me. Just unlucky! But perhaps I *was* crazy. It was worth examining.

This didn’t come of itself. It was the product of almost daily interviews with interns, resident physicians, staff psychiatrists, nurses, occupational therapists, psychologists, psychiatric aides — and, my fellow patients. Finally, in July, I accepted my sickness — and surrendered myself to the physicians.

That was last summer. This is a

year later, a year during which I was gently led into constructive contributions to the welfare of the hospital, and a turning outward from my stupendous self-centeredness. During this twelve-month, I was guided into recognizing my need for psychiatry, and was prodded into asking for, and getting, individual psychoanalysis and psychotherapy from a competent young physician.

This was a year in which I found God and the comforting fellowship of a religious faith, and a goal to strive towards. It was a time when I discovered the delights of self-expression in writing. It was a period of "growing pains" postponed almost too long.

I AM convalescent now. I live in a privilege ward, still behind the walls, but in an unlocked private room. I turn on my own light or turn it off at will. My own books and my own plants surround me. I chose my own decorative scheme and I till a small garden, unsupervised. I have a typewriter loaned me by the hospital. I am ready for more freedom outside the walls of the maximum-security division, ready to assume the responsibilities of community life.

An ex-wife I once defrauded but who never stopped loving me visits me on her day off from work, and understandingly helps me through the trauma of mental treatment and prays with me, looking forward to the day when I am well so that she may work beside me and help me to

become a useful, law-abiding citizen.

My family, to whom I've been a horrifying menace, is once more beginning to accept me and hope for me. A childhood friend, now a famous country editor and author of many best sellers, spends valuable hours in writing me, encouraging and helping me with my novice writings.

I can now accept that judicial pronouncement of eighteen months ago, for I am sure that Saint Elizabeth's Hospital has opened the way for me so that I can find freedom from the corroding, destructive chains of mental disease. Not many years stretch in front of me — but they are adult years in which I can enjoy living and coping with the realities of adult responsibilities — living the sort of life I might have lived had my mental disease been recognized when it started in my youth.

Crime in great part is the product of mental disease. Mental disease can be cured. What's more, a great deal of it can be prevented. The fortune, thousands and thousands of dollars, I have cost society by my depradations, apprehensions, extraditions, trials, and imprisonments, might all have been saved.

But psychiatry was young then, and to be mentally unsound was shameful. Today, more and more people are realizing that mental disease is no greater cause for shame than any other physical affliction, and that like them, it can be cured.

Medicine is curing *me* of crime.

Pat Sullivan *and* the Romance of **CHEESE**

BY HARRY THOMPSON

IT WAS the end of a long, hard day and pretty Pat Sullivan sat at her typewriter in the Senate Office Building dreaming dreams. Outside, a gale was blowing and snow swirled against the windows.

The snow made her think of Bear Creek, in her native Wisconsin, and the thought of Wisconsin had started her *dreaming about* — of all things — cheese!

"Why," Pat pondered, "can't I get into the cheese business? I grew up with and on it. I'm sure I'd rather have been a cheese merchant than a secretary."

That was almost a year ago. Pat Sullivan sat cross-legged in a mid-town New York apartment recently, reminiscing. Gray-blue eyes danced and a pug nose made funny little signals.

"My dreams came true," she grinned. "I'm in business." Pat passed over a business card which read:

Pat Sullivan—Gift Consultant.
2480 Sixteenth Street, Wash-
ington, D. C. Cheese Gifts.
Box 17, Bear Creek, Wis.

Bear Creek is one of five small Irish communities in Wis-

consin. "The population, when I'm home, is 411," laughed Pat. Shortly after graduation from the University of Wisconsin and a business school, she married John Sullivan, who promptly carried her off to Washington. John's job, however, took him abroad a lot, so Pat got a job — as secretary to Senator Joseph McCarthy.

"Much has been written about the glamorous life of a Washington secretary. Bunk!" said Pat. "It's a hectic life and sometimes the work-day is sixteen to eighteen hours. I began thinking about cheese."



ONE HAS to agree with Pat Sullivan that there is no greater romance in all the world than the romance of cheese. Research by the United States Department of Agriculture, by universities, and by private companies, such as the Kraft Foods Co. and Borden Cheese Co., shows that the story of this ancient foodstuff is woven into the history, religion, legend, economics and folklore of all the peoples of the world. The researchers, including the Department of Agriculture, all relate a legend from ancient Arabian lore concerning the accidental discovery of cheese nearly 11,000 years ago!

The legend:

An Arabian traveler (some researchers say his name was Kanana) set forth upon a desert journey carrying with him a canteen of milk and a bundle of dates to sustain him along the way. The canteen was made from the dried stomach of a sheep, goat, or other domestic animal, as was the custom. Kanana made camp that evening. He opened his dates, and ate a few and put the canteen to his lips to quench his thirst.

But as he began to drink, the story goes, only a thin, colorless liquid poured out — a liquid quite unlike the creamy milk he had poured into his canteen some hours earlier. Wondering at this phenomenon, Kanana split open the canteen. There he found settled to the bottom a handful of snowy white curd — the

world's first cheese. Thirst and hunger and curiosity moved him to drink what was left of the liquid and to taste — then eat — the curd, which he found pleasant to the palate.

Returning home, he repeated time after time the story of the miraculous change which had taken place in the milk. He repeated the experiment over and over again. Wise men drank the thin liquid, ate the curd, and shook their heads.

Experiments continued through the years and at last the source of the miracle of the canteen was discovered: It was the presence of certain enzymes (rennet) found in the stomachs of some animals, which acted upon the milk, coagulating the protein portions into *curd*, leaving the thin liquid which was *whey*.

"Why do I love the cheese business? Would you like some fascinating footnotes in the long history of cheese?" Pat continued.

I made some notations as she talked of the history of cheese.

» Cheese was one of the first mediums of exchange.

» It was occasionally fed to the slaves who built the Pyramid of Cheops.

» Zoroaster, the Persian philosopher, lived for thirty years on a diet of cheese and fruits alone — to the recorded benefit of his health and good spirits.

» The writings of Otesia, a Greek scholar, tell the story of Semiramis, an Assyrian queen, who was fed

throughout her childhood by birds who snatched cheese from shepherds to provide royal fare for their Queen.

» The early Greeks believed cheese to have a divine origin and it was their custom to offer the best cheeses to their gods on Olympus.

» Contenders in the Olympic races of ancient Greece trained on it.

» Alexander the Great and his general, Ptolemy I, feasted upon cheese in their war tents.

» Since the beginning of Christianity, the making of cheese has long been associated with the monasteries. The monks were and are great cheesemakers and the art of making certain cheeses is a priceless possession of certain monasteries.

» Genghis Khan in his sweeping march across the world carried cheese as a part of the basic ration for his soldiers, and in all wars since, cheese has been one of the vital protein foods used by marching men.

“THE WANDERING tribes of Asia brought the ancient art of cheesemaking to Europe and cheese arrived in England with the Romans,” Pat continued. “From 1000 A.D. the art of cheesemaking developed rapidly. The French and Italians began to use damp, cool caves for curing cheeses to obtain a definite, sharp flavor. The American Indians were not cheesemakers. The first cheese eaten in America was in the ship’s stores of the *Mayflower*. Dairy cattle were imported into the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1624

—and cheese making began. In those early colonial days, cheese was made in the homes for family use. The first cheese factory in the United States was opened in 1851 by Jesse Williams, near Rome, in Oneida County, New York.

“As was natural, the art and sciences of cheesemaking progressed westward with the westward moving population. Into Wisconsin’s dairyland, the cheese industry traveled and prospered. The development of the industry was rapid and thousands of cheese factories today dot the Wisconsin countryside. It’s a far cry from Arabia to Wisconsin, but today Wisconsin is the largest cheese-producing state in the Union — indeed, the largest cheese-producing area of comparable size anywhere in the world.

“I know it was my love for cheese that got me into this business.”

When Pat left the merry-go-round of the Senate Office Building, she went into a series of huddles with cheese experts, with artists, designers and others. Then she went to her native Wisconsin for conferences with the manufacturers of prize-winning cheeses, and arranged for individual packaging to suit her needs for her “Cheese of our Nation” gift boxes.

“Now I’m in business,” Pat grinned. “I already have outlets in the leading stores in San Francisco, Dallas, Chicago, Washington and New York — and the orders are coming in.”



The Dreaming of Emer

BY JOY M. COLLINS

BEAUTIFUL was the dawn, bright the noon and ablaze with a million stars the night for Cúchulain, when he walked with Emer by his side. The fluting cry of birds at mating time, nor the great champion-cry of warriors at battle had ever stirred him as the soft murmur of her voice, when they spoke together in the poetry-language of lovers. As the rushing torrent was stilled in the cool, calm depth of the sea so the great yearnings of his heart were lost in the deep love shining from her eyes.

"Come with me now, Emer," he whispered, and her hair was silken-soft in his face.

"It is not now we would find happiness, Cúchulain, but in a little while. A year is not a long time to wait."

"Have I not waited all the days of my life, Emer? What was it drove me to Emhain Macha to learn the deeds of war that make of the boy a man? What was it made me learn of Amairgin the Ollav the beauty of

words, and of Cathba the Druid the great tales of the gods? And when the founts of knowledge had run dry for me at Emhain, why did I seek out the Warrior Women, Donnell and Schathach, and at last, even travel afar that I might learn of Aife, champion of champions? But I tell you, heart of me, that there was no peace in all this, only a great crying out for something I did not know until I saw you."

"I would not take credit for the deeds that made me once speak your name in awe and wonder, Cúchulain. 'Tis a stranger thing to me that the Hound of Ulster should speak words of love to me, than to hear of the killing of the three sons of Necht on the very day of his taking of arms, or of Schathach's mighty prophesies of his greatness. Stay, do not speak. I would not have you were you not Cúchulain the brave and the mighty as well as the gentle and kind. I would not have you turn back from the field of battle because I called your name. It is given to the men of

Ireland to fight; and to her women to grieve only in the secret places of their hearts when they see the shadow of the wings of Tethra's great Black Crow, or hear the Voice of Morrigan calling for their loved ones. But there is a time of waiting which is right and proper to set the seal of proof upon our love. It is a little thing I ask of you, Cúchulain."

"Twelve moons must I watch wax, wane and die and by each waxing the flame I carry in my heart for you shall be renewed a thousand-fold. How should I not be consumed by its fire, but that the waning of each moon shall carry away the sorrows of another time of waiting. It is a great thing you ask, Emer, and a little thing — a little thing a year to give, that I might wear the brightest jewel of the world in my heart for ever."



AT THE WANING of the third moon, Emer dreamed a strange dream. She saw the men of Emhain fall beneath the dreaded spell of slumber and her heart quickened to see Cúchulain alone stumble from the enchanted halls. But through the hills towards the north a mighty host came marching into Ulster. In the timeless world of dreaming, Emer lived through the long days of waiting and each fearful night of terror, when one man harassed an army and brought a swift and silent death to a hundred of those who dared to believe that a guard might be set against the invincible.

At the end of her dreaming, the face of Cúchulain strained towards her from the darkness, and she saw the deep lines of tiredness about his eyes and felt the bitter sorrow of his great aloneness.

At the waning of the sixth moon, Emer dreamed again.

In a gentle valley she beheld Lugh, god of light and divine father of Cúchulain. His head was bent above the figure of a sleeping warrior. While three days and three nights of enchanted sleep healed the wounds and restored the strength of her beloved, Emer watched the Boy Troop of Emhain engage the host of Connaught. On the third day, the field of battle ran red with their blood and not one of the young aspirants would ever stand in the ranks of the Red Branch Knights of Ulster.

Before the wrath of the awakened Cúchulain, Emer cried out in her sleep, but she dreamed on of his mighty vengeance. She saw him drive his scythed chariot seven times around the camp of the Connaughtmen and the speed of its traveling built a rampart of earth to imprison the host. Then up and down the ranks, the terrible chariot sped, and before the face of the Contorted One, men hid their eyes in the very moment of death.

When his rage was appeased, Cúchulain turned the heads of Liath Macha and Sainglenn and the two great horses cleared the top of the rampart in one mighty leap.

At the end of her dreaming, the face of Cúchulain strained towards her from the darkness and she saw the deep lines of tiredness about his eyes and felt the bitter sorrow of his great aloneness.



AT THE WANING of the ninth moon, Emer dreamed again. She saw Ferdiadh stride down to the Ford where Cúchulain awaited his coming. Friends and blood brothers by ancient Celtic rite these two, whose hearts must quicken at the meeting, but each knew that the Voice of Morrigan echoed over the valley and one must die for the glory of Connaught or another for the saving of Ulster.

In one night of dreaming, Emer saw the dawning of four morns and the setting of three suns. She heard the clash of steel and the ringing cry of champions at war and when at last Cúchulain sent the dreaded weapon of Bolg Mac Buain upon its course, she heard the death sigh of Ferdiadh and the beating of the wings of Tethra's great Black Crow.

At the end of her dreaming, the face of Cúchulain strained towards her from the darkness and she saw the deep lines of tiredness about his eyes and felt the bitter sorrow of his

great aloneness, as in dreams before.

At the waning of the twelfth moon, Emer put on the dress of a bride and the hoofbeats of Liath Macha and Sainglenn made soft music to her journeying forever into the heart of him whose arm was about her then. There was but one dream left to sadden the nights of the waning moon. The dream wherein an older voice of Cúchulain said, "True heart, thou wouldst not have me falter now," and again, "Well I know I come not this road tomorrow." The dream wherein the spear of Lugaidh found its mark and Cúchulain passed his sword belt about a stone pillar, that he might stand firm in the sight of his enemies in death as in life.

At the end of her dreaming, the face of Cúchulain strained towards her from the darkness and she saw the deep lines of tiredness about his eyes and felt the bitter sorrow of her own aloneness.



The fields about the Ford of Ferdiadh are quiet now. They shall be quiet forever. No more shall the sounds of battle break the stillness of the morning air nor the great champion-cry of warriors ring across the valley at eventide.



» They were upon their great theme: "When I get to be a man!" Being human, though boys, they considered their present state too commonplace to be dwelt upon. So, when the old men gather, they say: "When I was a boy!" It really is the land of nowadays that we never discover. — *Booth Tarkington* (PENROD)

MALMEDY and McCARTHY



By
FREDA UTLEY

WELL-INFORMED anti-Communists know how right McCarthy was when he denounced and exposed Owen Lattimore and the rest of the gang responsible for the Communist conquest of China. But even the Senator's best friends usually keep silent when he is accused of having "defended Nazi murderers" because, back in 1949, he dared to question the validity of confessions obtained under duress from the German prisoners of war accused of the Malmedy Massacre; and further insisted that even defeated enemies should not be denied a fair trial by due process.

Since few of McCarthy's supporters have been as courageous as he in defying the "liberal" smearbund, which has vilified anyone who demanded justice for Germans, they have let his enemies get away with murder, literally as well as figuratively. Figuratively because they have played upon both ignorance and moral cowardice to assassinate McCarthy's character. Literally be-



cause it was the "professional liberals" who inspired the war crimes trials which condemned German prisoners of war to death on evidence which no court in the United States would have considered valid.

Now that an ignorant old man from Vermont has smeared McCarthy on the Senate floor with the same false accusation as Drew Pearson, Elmer Davis and other Pharisees, it is more than ever necessary to publish the facts. But it is unlikely that either the *New York Times*, or other newspapers less guilty of suppressing all the news which does not fit, will ever perform this public service. Nor can I, in a short article, hope to do more than

refute some of the lies and correct some of the misinformation spewed forth by the totalitarian liberals and anti-anti-Communists.

This is not a question which concerns simply McCarthy's reputation. Whatever the reader's opinion may be concerning the Junior Senator from Wisconsin, he cannot afford to ignore the dire consequences of the trials of the vanquished by the victors of the second World War. Far from deterring any nation from committing atrocities in future wars, these trials annulled centuries of effort to establish civilized rules of warfare. For they established the terrible precedent that the victors are immune from punishment, while the vanquished can have no hope of a fair trial. The net result of our return to the Roman principle of "woe to the vanquished" is to encourage the commission of any and every atrocity which can help to win a war.

IT WAS bad enough that we shared the bench at Nuremberg with Soviet Russia, which had committed, and was still busily engaged in committing, at least as great and terrible crimes against humanity as Nazi Germany. It was worse that Article 6 of the Charter which established the "International Military Tribunal" precluded consideration of crimes not committed "in the interests of the Axis countries." Thus the U.S. and Britain became accessories after the fact by forbid-

ding mention of Communist crimes at Nuremberg.

Mr. Justice Jackson, the chief U.S. prosecutor, together with our representative on the bench, showed no hesitation in collaborating with the Soviets in refusing to hear the evidence presented by German defense council proving that the Russians, not the Germans, had murdered 10,000 Polish officers in Katyn Forest. The tribunal instead heard a witness produced by Moscow who said the Germans had committed this crime.

Today, most Americans probably would agree with Senator Taft and the few others who had the courage and foresight to condemn the Nuremberg trials at the time they were held. But the public has been kept in almost complete ignorance of the U.S. Army trials at Dachau of minor German "war criminals," where both the methods of investigation and the trials were far worse than at Nuremberg; and which established a precedent for the mistreatment of our prisoners of war in Korea.

Few, if any, of the American soldiers who were starved, beaten and tortured by their Communist captors to make them confess to "germ warfare" or other "war crimes" can have known that the American Army had employed similar methods to force confessions from teen-age enlisted men and junior officers accused of having murdered American prisoners of war at Malmedy.

And none of them are likely to have ever heard of Lieutenant Colonel Willis M. Everett, of Atlanta, Georgia, who wrote as follows in his 1946 petition to the Supreme Court on behalf of the German soldiers for whom he had acted as Chief Defense Counsel at Dachau:

It is not only because of the fate of the seventy-four accused, but primarily of the historical significance and fundamental importance of the Malmedy Trial this Petition for Review may be justified. Unfortunately, the history of international law reveals that many injustices have been committed and many bad precedents have been established. This trial will receive a share of criticism in the future because its decision will necessarily serve as a precedent for the military profession of all of the nations of the world.

THE U.S. Supreme Court rejected the petition, thus washing its hands of all responsibility. Nor was any heed taken of the appeal of the twenty-five German Catholic bishops who wrote in 1948:

"Will not the tortures at the preliminary inquests at Schwabische Hall and Oberwesel, and the mass executions at Landsberg, later on do more harm to victorious America than a lost battle?"

Today the mills of God grind so fast that these prophecies have already been fulfilled. But, unhappily, by our young men who, like many of the condemned Germans, were guilty only of having fought bravely

for their country in far-off Korea.

The columnists and commentators who, like Elmer Davis, accuse McCarthy of having "used propaganda from German Communists to save the lives of Nazi officers who had murdered American prisoners at Malmedy" are either deliberately misinforming the public or have never taken the trouble to learn the facts.

The majority of the young men sentenced by the U.S. Army Court at Dachau for the Malmedy Massacre were neither Nazis nor officers, but teen-age enlisted men and young non-commissioned officers. And when Senator McCarthy, to his everlasting credit, endeavored to stop the hangings at Landsberg of these German prisoners of war, he was relying upon information given by such irreproachable Americans as Lt. Colonel Willis P. Everett, and by prominent religious leaders.

Like the German Catholic bishops, the Lutheran Bishop Wurm of Stuttgart had protested to the American authorities against what he called "terrible investigation methods which mock description." These "methods" consisted of beatings and kickings; knocking out of teeth and the breaking of jaws; starvation and solitary confinement for months without exercise or visitors or correspondence; promises of release from pain and the threat of death if the victim would sign statements incriminating others; threats of reprisals on the prisoner's wife,

children and parents if he refused to sign dictated statements; mock trials in dark rooms around a table lighted only by candles around a crucifix; and bogus priests promising absolution if the prisoner would agree to sign false statements.

The sickening details can be read in a long book, printed in the English language, issued by the "Evangelical Church in Germany," and called *Memorandum on the Question of War Crimes Trials before American Military Courts*.

FAR from denying the truth of these allegations, two of the "un-American" investigators employed by the U.S. Army to extract "confessions" from German prisoners of war, namely, Lt. Colonel Ellis and Lt. Perl, told Judge Von Roden of the Simpson Commission in 1949 that force was necessary in view of the difficulty in obtaining evidence. Perl said: "We had a tough nut to crack and we had to use persuasive methods." He further admitted that these methods included "some violence and mock trials," and that the prosecution's case in the Malmedy cases rested on the evidence thus obtained.

Colonel A. H. Rosenfeld, who was Chief of the Dachau branch of the U.S. War Crimes Administration until he resigned in 1948, when asked at a press interview before leaving Germany whether there was any truth in the German allegations concerning mock trials, replied,

"Yes, of course. We couldn't have made those birds talk otherwise. It was a trick and it worked like a charm."

One needs only to read the U.S. Military Government directive to the tribunals which tried the Germans to realize that these soldiers were judged according to un-American "principles" of justice closely akin to those applied by the Nazis and the Communists. Dated November 30, 1945, this U.S. Army Order says:

The purpose of proceedings in Military Government Courts and of the principal enactments enforced by them is the protection of the U.S. Forces in occupation and the advancement of the political, military and administrative objectives declared by the Control Council and the Theatre Commander. All enactments will therefore be interpreted broadly and in accordance with their obvious intention. Proceedings will be conducted with the view to the attainment of this purpose to the fullest possible extent; technical and legalistic viewpoints will not be allowed to interfere with such a result.

Ordered not to allow "technical and legalistic viewpoints" to interfere with the desired result of the trial, the judges disregarded normal rules of evidence. They admitted the testimony of co-defendants as conclusive evidence; based some of their verdicts on hearsay, double hearsay, and unsigned documents;

regarded "confessions" as conclusive proof of guilt even when they were retracted in court; and rejected the rebuttal evidence of the defense even when it was supplied by American Army witnesses.

THERE WAS no jury, nor were the accused allowed German defense counsel, although they had been arbitrarily reduced to civilian status before their trial in order to deprive them of the protection offered by the Geneva Convention to prisoners of war.

The court consisted of ten U.S. Army officers and one "law member," who was the same Colonel A. H. Rosenfeld who had directed the pre-trial inquisition of the defendants. Since the prosecutors were his investigators, it was hardly surprising that Colonel Rosenfeld blocked all attempts by the defense to prove that confessions had been made under duress. As Colonel Everett has stated:

"When details of the beatings and other pressures were requested, the prosecution would object, and the law member of the court would always sustain the objection and prevent the evil and ruthless tactics of the prosecution from being further exposed in open court."

It was typical of the proceedings that in the case of a boy of eighteen called Arvid Freimuth, who had hung himself in his cell after repeated beatings rather than sign the "confession" dictated to him, the prose-

cution was permitted to bring in as "evidence" the statement which he would have been forced to sign if he had not committed suicide.

We shall probably never know the truth concerning the "Malmedy Massacre" of surrendered Americans during the Battle of the Bulge. The Germans contend that they were accidentally killed because, after their surrender, they had been left disarmed, but unguarded, and were shot down by German tanks whose gunners were unaware that the uniformed Americans impeding their progress were prisoners of war.

The truth of the matter was probably most correctly stated by General Handy who, in commuting the death sentences of the surviving Malmedy prisoners on January 31, 1951, said: "The offenses are connected with a confused, mobile and desperate combat action." No American combat soldier is likely to disagree with this pronouncement, which is supported by the confused and contradictory account of the incident by American soldiers who survived the massacre. Moreover Lt. Colonel McCowan testified for the defense that he himself and some hundred other Americans taken prisoner by the task force accused of the crime had been properly treated.

The Senate Judiciary Committee which, in 1949, under the chairmanship of Baldwin of Connecticut, "investigated" the charges against the Army, like the Tydings Committee a year later, showed itself

more interested in a whitewash operation than in remedying evil. On July 26, 1949, Senator McCarthy, after withdrawing in disgust from the hearings, made a speech on the Senate floor in which he drew attention to the fact that Senator Baldwin's law partner was one of the men responsible for the tortures inflicted on the accused Germans; and that another member of the Judiciary Committee, Senator Kefauver, had as his law partner a certain Mr. Shumaker, who was similarly responsible for the unlawful and un-American procedures at Dachau. In 1953, two of the Army's investigators at Dachau were arrested in Vienna as Soviet spies.

WHEN I visited Landsberg last fall, there were still some 300 Germans incarcerated in its grim fortress, including the surviving Malmedy defendants. Our prisoners are today decently treated and a considerable number have been released on parole during the past year, but there are many who have little or no hope of release because they are serving life sentences.

And as if to give substance to the charge that improper means were used to extract confessions of guilt, the instructions given on August 31, 1953, to our "Mixed Interim Parole and Clemency Board" say that any "parolee" who issues "any public written or oral statement of a personal, historical, military or political content, without prior ap-

proval of the competent authority, will be sent back to prison and deprived "of all credits otherwise allowable at the completion of his sentence."

Some of the inmates of Landsberg were undoubtedly guilty of crimes against humanity and are lucky to have escaped death by hanging. But the plain fact is that the majority of the real war criminals are either dead, or are living comfortably in the East Zone as adherents of the Communist regime; or are in Russia helping the Soviet preparations for war against us; or have disappeared among the mass of the German population. Most prisoners are little people who got caught up by accident to bear the brunt of the world's horror of Nazi crimes.

For the sake of America's reputation for justice, no less than because we wish to enlist the German people as our allies against Communist tyranny, we should seek to right the injustice of the post-war period. If those whose hearts bleed for McCarthy's "victims" would display some interest in the real miscarriages of justice in Germany, there would be hope of annulment of the instructions signed last August by our "liberal" High Commissioner, Mr. James B. Conant, which reads as follows:

"Neither parole nor clemency involves consideration of the propriety or legality of the trial proceedings, guilt or sentence, which are final and conclusive."



MOVING MOUNTAINS *with* WHIRLY-BIRDS

By Oliver Patrick

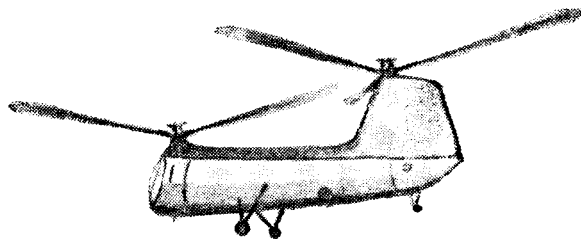
A FEW YEARS back, the men who master the destinies of one of the world's great corporations, the Aluminum Company of Canada, tossed a neat little problem in the laps of their engineering department with all that casual insouciance with which the Big Brass always toss their headaches to the boys down the line. Even to the engineers, it was something of a sticker.

The problem was this: The Aluminum Company of Canada wanted to build a new plant. To be close to the source of the raw materials, it had to be in the inaccessible Canadian Rockies. To process the material, it needed an abundance of cheap electric power. Not too far from the raw material deposits, and the site of the proposed plant, was a chain of lakes and rivers capable of generating enough power for a dozen plants. The trouble was, the water flow all ran the wrong way. The places where the water flow was strong enough to generate the

needed power were too far away, and separated by a range of mountains, from the spot where the plant had to be built, if it were to be economically operated.

So the problem that the Alcan brass hats tossed to their engineers was simply this: Reverse the flow of those damned unco-operative rivers. Make water flow uphill where it always had gone downhill before. And do this in an area that has never before been visited by white men, where you must cut your way through hundreds of miles of virgin forest and towering mountain range to get from the closest habitation to the site of your work.

The engineers took a quick look and estimated that it would take from three to five years to even make a practical survey of the terrain. But the engineers had a few cards in the hole. They had their experience and ingenuity—their know-how. They had some \$400 to \$500 million to play around with



(and it's truly surprising the things that can be done when you have \$400 to \$500 millions in hand).

Also, they had, or at least they soon acquired, the whirly-birds. Back in 1949, when the project was started, helicopters were not exactly new. Ever since World War I they had been shown at the air races and county fairs throughout the nation — ungainly, misbegotten-looking things that could do all sorts of fancy stunts, which nobody in his right mind ever took seriously. In those days the helicopter was pretty much in the category of those fabulous vaudeville golfers who could drive a ball straight and true off a \$200-watch some 300 yards down the fairway; who could serve a mashie shot off the nose of a beautiful blonde lying prone, around a tree to the green, a few feet from the cup; but who somehow never managed to win a major tournament.

But there was a fellow in Canada by the name of Carl Agar who thought that helicopters could do something far more practical than county-fair acrobatics. He formed a firm with the unpronounceable

name of Okanagan Helicopters, Ltd., and sold his bill of goods to the engineers of Alcan.

The first job that Agar and his helicopters undertook was making the engineer-

ing survey of the various rivers and lakes within economic reach of the site where Alcan planned its new plant. The engineers figured it would take three to five years. Using helicopters, they did the job in ten days.

That sold them. Alcan entered into a contract with Agar. They also bought some helicopters of their own. And in three years' time, flying some of the most treacherous country in the western hemisphere, the helicopters transported some 14,000 passengers and nearly 2,000,000 pounds of freight from the outposts of what we call civilization to the lonely mountain wastes where dams had to be built, channels cut to divert rivers from the paths they had followed for countless centuries, and a whole section of the face of outraged Nature remodeled completely.

IT WAS really a rather fantastic thing — even in this era of fabulous technological developments. Briefly, what the Alcan crowd did was to change the flow of three lakes and a whole chain of rivers from their traditional east to the needed west. It meant carving new channels, erecting dams, whittling the sides

off mountains and then tunnelling through a whole mountain range to get next to their plant the necessary flow of water to turn the huge turbines to generate the electricity to smelt the ores, to make the aluminum, to make the pots and pans with which the little woman prepares your daily dinner.

And all through the half-billion-dollar deal, the helicopters were the winning card. When bulldozers, cement-mixers, high explosives, engineers, technicians and roustabouts were needed in an inaccessible spot, the helicopters took them there. At one time, between Mr. Agar's unpronounceable outfit and the helicopters they bought themselves, Alcan had nine of the aerial eggbeaters in operation. During the past year they have averaged some 1,000 landings per month, more than half on ten-by-twelve-foot wooden landing platforms that have been built on mountain tops, and sometimes just jutting out from sheer mountain sides. In the past three years they have been landing their cargoes during the violent summer thunder storms, and the roaring winter gales

that sweep the Canadian Rockies.

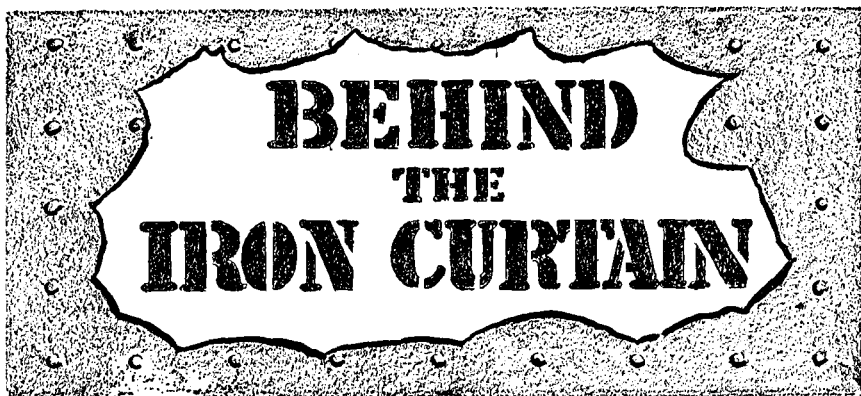
Day after day the pilots of those ungainly planes defied the updrafts and the dreaded downdrafts of one of the most difficult flying areas of the world. Their record to date: none of their 15,000 passengers injured; none of the two million pounds of freight damaged; one ground crewman injured when he walked into the swirling blades of a helicopter as it was about to take off.

Of course, the whirly-birds (as the Navy calls the helicopters) did not actually move the mountains. All they really did was transport men, explosives and equipment to places men could never reach before; to enable those hardbitten, dreamy engineers to blast away mountains, reverse the course of lakes and rivers, and to cut a hole through a range of granite mountains that they couldn't get around.

But it's really amazing what a few engineers can do with a couple of hundred tons of high explosives, a whole lot of know-how, a couple of "whirly-birds" — and some four or five hundred million dollars.



» Jimmy Durante had just completed a rather rough airplane trip. Kissing the ground at the foot of the ramp, he remarked: "Good old terra firma — and the more firmer, the less terror."



An Unholy Alliance: The Moscow-Peiping Axis

By **ALAN SET**

THE INNUMERABLE Soviet secret Agents abroad, together with their escort of omniscient, bogus, or simply fraudulent fellow-travelers, used to display a rather flippant attitude when asked what they thought about the Moscow-Peiping axis. "A nuisance it is, certainly," they would say, "yet, let us not jump to hasty conclusions." And immediately they would add a warning not to commit mistakes — such as keeping Red China out of the UN — which could only exasperate the Chinese, leaving them no choice but to tighten their union with the Russians, whom they

distrust probably more than we do. "Let's talk to them and let's trade with them, and everything will turn out well."

We have heard all these arguments, most of which sound reasonable and quite convincing. China's history is four thousand years old, and the Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship, Alliance and Mutual Assistance was signed only four and a half years ago. There are indications that already during those short four and a half years the alliance has been strained. There was talk about disagreements between Moscow and

Peiping first because of totally inadequate deliveries of Soviet equipment and supplies; later, about Korea, when Vishinsky, in December, 1950, persistently demanded at the UN the withdrawal of *all* foreign troops from Korea, including the Chinese; later still, about the continued occupation of Port Arthur where, according to the Treaty, the Russian troops should have been replaced by the Chinese by the end of 1952; again in the following year, about Soviet economic aid and technical assistance which proved hardly sufficient to launch the long-discussed Five Year Plan for China. Persistent rumors about friction between the two allies concerning leadership in Asia were reported in connection with the Indo-China war; and during the Geneva conference some newsmen found Chou En-lai and other Chinese representatives ostensibly holding aloof from Molotov and the Russians.

All this, or at least most of this, is probably true. There is no denying that the alliance with Russia is at present only an insignificantly short chapter in the many volumes of China's immemorial history; and it is obvious that on many a problem the purely Asiatic Chinese and the more or less European Russians do not see eye to eye. However, the question does not lie there. The question is whether the Moscow-Peiping axis is strong enough to threaten the free nations; and if it is, how great is the threat from the

geo-political point of view. Only when this question is answered can sound and realistic counter-measures be devised by the West.

A DECISIVE DATE IN WORLD HISTORY

The answer is very simple: with all its real or imagined shortcomings, the Sino-Soviet Alliance is already today strong enough to give the creeps to the free nations all over the world, including the most powerful ones. If sound and realistic counter-measures are not devised in the immediate future by those who have still the means of defense, the few months of the fall and winter of 1949-1950 may prove to have been the turning point in the history of all mankind.

Between September, 1949, and February, 1950, a relatively small group of men, aiming at the conquest of the world, gathered enough power to try to implement their evil plan. What we are now witnessing — the mounting confusion in the Far East and Western Europe — may portend the beginning of the end of our civilization.

In September, 1949, the Russians exploded their first fission device. Sinister as it was, this alone did not present too serious a menace to the Free World. But four months later the fact of Russia's possession of the atomic bomb was coupled with her signing of the treaty with China, and the two events taken together changed unrecognizably the face of

our globe: here was a brotherhood of embattled visionaries — gangsters committed to their “world revolution,” armed with a weapon of total destruction, having at their absolute command 800 million people, and assisted by many millions more who were ready to act at the first signal from their sacred Moscow shrine. One of the greatest riddles of our times is how it happened that between September, 1949, and February, 1950, not a single cry of serious alarm was raised in the sleepy capitals of the West.

THE OBVIOUS significance of the Sino-Soviet Treaty of Friendship, Alliance and Mutual Assistance of 1950, though almost completely overlooked, lay in the unprecedented character of the two parties which concluded it. These were not two political rulers or two governments which got together for common benefit, common defense or common aggression (the aim of all treaties which have been concluded in the past) but friars of the same unholy order bound by unbreakable rules, who were gathering their forces to perform their religious ritual. Like Lenin and Stalin, Mao Tse-tung never fought for his own sake or the sake of his people, but for the universal triumph of his religion, of which he considers himself to be one of the prophets.

It is only when examined from this uncanny religious angle that the true meaning and importance of the

Sino-Soviet Alliance can be measured. Like Russia, today's China is ruled not by a single man nor an oligarchy, but by the *principle of world conquest* implemented by a restricted number of high priests, such as Mao Tse-tung, Malenkov, Khrushchev, Liu Shao-chi, Molotov, maybe Chou En-lai, and maybe Zhukov.

If any of them should appear to endanger the sacred order's march toward ultimate victory, he will be ruthlessly destroyed, as was Beria and probably Stalin himself. The newsman who thought he had discovered that Chou En-lai was snubbing Molotov at Geneva was simply extremely naïve.

Following the Soviet pattern, China today is building a rigid class system by which the high-priests can hold in an iron grip the prostrate and helpless masses, through the intermediary of an extremely powerful and privileged coterie composed of completely satisfied top officials in the civil service, police, army and industry, who in their turn transmit their orders to the much more numerous but still relatively content lower rank officers. The members of this new “red aristocracy” and “red nobility” voluntarily accept the inconvenience of being the subjects of incessant control, of checking and double-checking, because they see in it the best, however unpleasant, warranty of their security as a group. When Comrade Chen Yi, the Red mayor

of Shanghai, was telling Mr. Attlee about the blessings of the Communist regime, he was undoubtedly telling him exactly what he personally felt. Mr. Attlee could have heard equally laudatory opinions from the workers in rags engaged in street repair at the door of Comrade Chen Yi's palace, with the difference that should they take the liberty of feeling differently, they would wind up in a hard-labor camp, or dead. Unanimity is complete all over the Red Empire.

THE VERY peculiar character of the two parties which signed the treaty of alliance of 1950 is of course well known to the Western governments. If some of them still seem to profess that the unholy union can be split by adroit use of orthodox methods, this is mainly based on wishful thinking, the normal escape to apathy which the danger of Soviet A-bombs has cast over such exposed capitals as Paris and London. But this wishful thinking — we have to admit it — is not completely unfounded.

It is not entirely unfounded because the British are undoubtedly right when they point out that the Chinese Communists could not have achieved in five years what it took their Russian brethren 37 years to build. The structure of the Chinese police state must necessarily be much less solid than the long established edifice of Soviet Russia. To the Russian, opposition to the re-

gime is something he hardly knows how to think about any more, while fighting and revolution have been the lot of almost every living Chinese. However, where the British seem to be completely wrong in their reasoning is in the conclusion they draw from their valid observations.

What many of them suggest is: help China break its unholy aggressive alliance with the USSR by offering to the Chinese more than the Russians can afford to give. There are certainly many intelligent men in Peiping, Canton or Shanghai who may doubt whether Soviet protection would save their cities and industries from a Western atomic attack. Let the West — so it is said in London, and not only in London but in Paris as well and even in some quarters in Washington — find a formula which would dissolve in the minds of the Chinese any fear of atomic destruction. Let us offer them peace, sincerely, without any equivocation, with all the guarantees.

What the present-day Chinese seems to dream about most is the building up of a modern state, to exploit the immense resources of his land, to get at last satiated, strong and happier. He must by now realize that the miserable Soviet credit of \$300 million, granted in the treaty of 1950, was insufficient even to repair all the war-damaged, Japanese-built factories in Manchuria, not to speak of launching any truly ambi-

tious plan of nation-wide industrialization. "Let us therefore offer credits to the Chinese, not in the hundreds of millions but in billions. Let them buy our machinery, our ships and our food. Is not peace worth that much?" say the trade-with-China advocates.

The fallacy of such a policy is obvious, because instead of weakening a regime whose sole *raison d'être* is the Moscow-devised world conquest, it could only result in strengthening it immeasurably. The policy of friendship with China is utterly fallacious, because at present there is no China, just as there is no Russia nor Poland nor Czechoslovakia. Instead of going to Peiping, Mr. Attlee could as well have remained a bit longer in Moscow, or had a talk with Chou En-lai at Geneva, or simply called at any of the Red embassies in London. The unholy order which governs the Red Empire is not concerned with what is logical or not, according to orthodox international relations. It has a job to perform, and that is to destroy what Mr. Attlee and the rest of us in the West represent. The Messrs. Attlees will be hobnobbed in Moscow and Peiping, of course they will; but only as long as they help the Reds to do away with the Messrs. Attlees.

THE ARCH ENEMY: AMERICA

In order to achieve their aims, the master-minds of the unholy order

are at present concentrating on a dual task — eliminating everything which could hinder the onward march of the Red Eurasian masses when the moment comes to give the order, and building up enough hate to make that march irresistible.

The first task is being accomplished chiefly through an interchange of Soviet and Chinese students, technicians, workers, army, navy, and air force personnel, press correspondents and all sorts of political agents, on a scale never before seen between two countries. It may sound unbelievable, but there are several hundreds of thousands — some observers count them in millions — of Russians in China and Chinese in Russia. Russian is taught in Chinese schools, and so is Chinese in Russian ones. Marriages between nationals of the two allies are encouraged.

The Soviet and satellite press reports daily on manifestations of friendship with the "Great Republic of Asia." Chinese theatrical troupes, ballets, and Chinese films are presented to audiences in Moscow, Bucharest, Warsaw, and all the other important centers everywhere behind the Iron Curtain. There is no book store where, for the equivalent of a quarter or less, one could not buy Mao's *Strategic Problems* or any other of his books and pamphlets. His picture is on display everywhere, together with the pictures of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. With every passing year there will be less danger of

a rebirth of the old animosity the Chinese used to feel toward the conqueror of Chinese Siberia and Mongolia, the white enemy from the northwest.

This danger recedes the more quickly, as another, incomparably stronger hatred of all the peoples within the Red Empire is cunningly being built up toward "the arch-enemy of all mankind," "the blood-thirsty imperialist, poisoner and destructor" — America. Anti-American propaganda in China reached fantastic proportions during these past months, especially at the time of the Geneva Conference, to be matched only by the new Chinese pro-Russianism. And it is continuing every day with increasingly violent articles in the press, increasingly vehement accusations over the loud-speakers, repeated from door to door by itinerant agents, reaching the remotest villages.

"People of Asia unite and oppose U.S. imperialist intervention in the affairs of Asia." This slogan, born during the Korean war, has today become the most often repeated sentence all over the immense terri-

tories of the Red Chinese Republic.

DOES all this mean there is no way out? That, though strong enough to hold Russia in check in the atomic field, we have nothing to oppose to the A-bomb-armed Moscow-Peiping bloc, as the defection of an ever increasing number of Frenchmen and Britishers would seem to indicate?

To believe in this would be an even greater mistake than to follow those in Western Europe who, for fear of the enemy, are ready to offer him the time and means he needs for the fulfillment of his plans.

This writer's assignment is not to draw political schemes, but to present, in the light of available data, what is going on behind the Iron Curtain. Yet one very general remark may appear to be unavoidable.

It is that in spite of its divisions, the West is still, and will be for a few years to come, overwhelmingly stronger than the unholy Sino-Soviet axis, and overwhelming strength, when wisely used, has always proved, throughout history, to be the one sure guaranty of survival.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Dangerous to the Young? How Silly! — Just before the recent epidemic of teen-age crimes, the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) announced that "denunciations of press, film, radio and television programs as demoralizing to the young remain to be proved."

UNESCO had just published an analysis of this subject, entitled "The Child Audience," by Prof. Philippe Bauchard of France. Here, in his own words, are the professor's conclusions:

"Where the influences affecting children are concerned, it seems essential to make a clean sweep of all preconceived ideas and prejudices, such as that the cinema encourages child delinquency, pornography is dangerous for the young, accounts of crimes incite children to imitate the criminals, etc."

UNESCO advises you to get rid of such silly, old-fashioned ideas. — Reprinted from *Capsule*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE GREAT ILLUSION



By Bogart Rogers

THE RECENT death in Germany of the world's greatest aeronaut, Dr. Hugo Eckener, quite naturally posed the question —

What ever became of the Zeppelins?

For nearly half a century these silvery monsters seemed the answer to man's efforts to conquer the heavens. But they are long since gone, as dead as the dodo — and they will not be back. Dr. Eckener's demise merely added a sentimental "finis" to that colorful chapter in the book of flight which best can be titled "The Great Illusion."

In reality and retrospect, the Zeppelins were never the solution to air transportation — or offensive warfare, either — though for quite a spell they seemed to be just what the doctor ordered. They succumbed to the immutable forces of gravity and nature with which they were inherently in conflict — and their own gargantuan dimensions. They were too big, too slow, too weakly ponderous. That they sur-

vived as long and got as far as they did was due solely to Hugo Eckener's genius.

But to the millions who never saw one and never will again:

Sailing down the Hudson against the sparkling blue sky, their stern-flags whipping proudly, their engines throbbing a cadence of power — or stealthily stalking the pitch-black skies over London while searchlight-fingers probed for them frantically, the old Graf's fabulous creations could really tingle the spine and bring out a million goose-pimples!

Aground or aloft, the Zeppelins were majestic.

The saga of these cigar-shaped titans, little known to the younger generations and but vaguely remembered by their elders, was a curious mixture of triumphant achievement and perpetual disaster. They picked you up and they let you down — and always with terrible violence.

Entire credit for their early success goes to the stubborn tenacity

of Dr. Eckener's mentor and idol, a bristling little Junker general, Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin. While this fierce old zealot, with a preposterous mustache and comic white cap, was not the dirigible's inventor, his name became synonymous with the rigid-frame type of lighter-than-air craft. The tiny to larger "blimps" and "semi-rigids" — now mainly used for advertising and short-range naval scouting — are not dirigibles in the technical sense.

IN 1900, Zeppelin, then sixty-two and retired from the German army, launched his first dirigible at Lake Constance, near Friedrichshafen. That — remember — was three full years before the Wrights' first puny flutter at Kitty Hawk. More than once his dreams came true only by aid from popular national subscription — for he was greatly beloved and the Germans were fanatically airship-minded.

In 1910, he inaugurated a regular service between Lake Constance and Dusseldorf, 300 miles distant. In the next three years his ships carried 37,000 passengers on 1,600 flights without accident. As few airplanes at that time could lift more than two passengers from the ground, let alone fly them a distance, it is easy to understand why airships seemed the answer to aerial transportation.

When war came to Europe in 1914, the Zeps were ready. On the

night of May 31, 1915, the first marauder reached London, through such defenses as existed, and opened a new Pandora's box of death and misery — which would culminate 25 years later in the terrible World War II bombings of London, Rotterdam, Coventry — and Hiroshima.

The Zeppelins introduced total warfare.

The hundred incendiary bombs strewn on London killed five civilians. There were squawks aplenty. The Germans claimed, of course, that their targets were military installations. The British called them barbarous attacks on defenseless women and children. The material damage was trivial; the nuisance and nerve-war value considerable. For the first time since Hastings, an invader had defiled the soil of England.

But exactly one week later, high over Belgium, a British kid pilot named Warncford trapped the LZ-37 sneaking home from a raid and shot it down burning. From that night on, the Zeps were through as modern offensive weapons. They kept on trying — but with mounting losses. The hydrogen which buoyed them was murderously explosive. Such Zeps as survived gunfire fell prey to weather or their own unwieldiness. As late as August, 1918, the newest L-70 tried a raid and was shot down in flames before it reached England. The airplanes had their number.

But still and all — they could lift

great weight and fly it great distances. In 1917, the L-59 flew non-stop from Bulgaria to German East Africa and return in an abortive attempt to supply the beleaguered German forces—a remarkable 4,250-mile journey over enemy territory which broke all distance records. No airplane then could have even approached it.

THE doughty old Count passed on to Valhalla in 1917, and with the Armistice, the problem of peacetime survival fell to Dr. Eckener. Only he could have carried the burden. The top Zeppelin authority and a master pilot and navigator, he was also a superlative showman and salesman, and his timing in the difficult years ahead was practically perfect. He looked the part, too—a distinguished figure with dignified wing-collar and close-cropped goatee and mustache. Though he had a few near calls, not once while in command did he meet with serious accident.

The Versailles Treaty forbade Zeppelins, save only as reparations. Ships nearing completion were divided up among the victors. The French took the L-72, renamed it the *Dixmude*, and lost it at sea with all hands. The Belgians, Italians and Japs wrecked others. It was suddenly all too apparent that only the Germans knew how to build and fly airships.

The British tried several. Their first, prophetically named *Mayfly*,

didn't. The R-34 first crossed the Atlantic non-stop in 1919 and returned safely to England. It was a notable achievement—followed by an even more notable disaster when the bigger British R-39 broke apart in mid-air, with 47 casualties—17 of them American naval experts.

The even bigger R-100 flew to Montreal and return, which proved little but pleased the Canadians. In 1930, her sister ship, the R-101, destined for passenger and cargo flights to the Empire's farthest outposts, sailed boldly off for India—and a few hours later was a smouldering tangle of girders and 46 bodies on a French hillside near Beauvais. That was all for the British. They'd had it.

Curiously, the watchword of the Zeppelin disciples, who were passionately devoted to this type of craft as against the (then) comparatively weakly airplane, was "bigger." Each new ship was "bigger" than the last—as if size was the cure-all for inherent faults of structure and design—when in fact greater size seemed only to accentuate them.

The arrival of World War I found the United States with no lighter-than-air program, but a champion soon appeared to lead the crusade for more and bigger airships—Rear Admiral W. A. Moffitt, of the Navy. His right and left hands were P. W. Litchfield, of the Goodyear Rubber Co., and

Commander C. E. Rosendahl, a skilled and dedicated aeronaut.

Between them they got built and launched the *Shenandoah*, pretty much copied after the captured German L-49. Under "Rosie's" capable guidance, it behaved itself admirably — until one summer afternoon in 1925, a line squall over Ohio tore it into three pieces — which happily retained sufficient buoyancy to float all but 14 of her crew to safety. All hands were resourceful and courageous — but it still was a disaster.

That the *Shenandoah* did not catch fire was due to its use of non-inflammable helium (by then produced at considerable cost in small quantities) instead of hydrogen. Helium somehow created the delusion of over-all safety.

Shortly prior to this unfortunate occurrence, Dr. Eckener moved back into the business of re-establishing public confidence. In 1924, with an impressive non-stop flight across the Atlantic, he delivered the Friedrichshafen-built LZ-126 to the United States Navy, which christened it *Los Angeles*. It flew for seven years without killing anybody and was one of the few big bags to escape disaster. It was retired in 1932 to make way for bigger and more ill-fated successors.

After delivering the *Los Angeles*, Dr. Eckener promptly returned to Germany to prepare for his greatest triumph — the spectacular *Graf Zeppelin*. Designed for commercial uses, it almost — but not quite —

re-established the dirigible's place in the aerial transportation picture.

In 1929, Eckener brought it to America, then turned about and flew it around the world in twenty days, in four mighty hops. During its next nine very active years it made 590 flights, including 144 ocean crossings, and its routine jaunts from Europe to North and South America became almost commonplace. By all odds it was the greatest Zeppelin ever built. Its reliable performance convinced many a die-hard that perhaps the lethal bugs had at long last been eliminated.

Then came the decade of final catastrophe.

IN 1931, the U. S. Navy launched the *Akron*, built in that city under Zeppelin patents with the aid of German technicians. Nearly 800 feet long, as high as a twelve-story building, and twice as big as the *Los Angeles*, it was truly an awesome contraption. In its spacious belly was room to carry, launch and recover fighter planes for its own protection.

Its initial flights were impressive but — "ole debbil weather" caught it one day off the New Jersey coast and smashed it into the sea. Seventy-three souls, including Admiral Moffitt, went down with it. His loss to the cause was as great as that of the *Akron* — for what Eckener was to the Zeppelin in Germany, Moffitt was in the United States.

Its sister ship, *Macon*, replaced the *Akron*. But two years later, on a routine fair-weather flight it collapsed off California — sank onto and into the waves. Of its crew of 85, all but two were rescued.

That could, and doubtless would have been the end — except for Dr. Eckener. Though he was pushing close to seventy, he was still in there pitching. At Friedrichshafen, he rushed to completion the Zeppelin to end all Zeppelins — which, ironically, was exactly what it did. The *Hindenburg* was almost twice as big as the *Graf* — 803 feet long with deluxe accommodations for fifty passengers and a non-stop range of 8,750 miles at 78 miles an hour. Eckener was trying to promote a joint German-American transatlantic service on regular schedules.

In 1936, he placed the *Hindenburg* in service. That year it carried a thousand delighted passengers across the ocean on ten round trips. Things began to look hopeful.

IN THE twilight of May 6, the *Hindenburg* approached Lakehurst at the end of its first 1937 crossing. Its reception was gala. Photographers were poised to snap its arrival and distinguished passengers. Suddenly, when it was but yards away from its mooring mast, a tiny glow was followed by a ghastly blurb of fire — and the screams of its tortured passengers. In a few horrid seconds, the final words of the

spectacular chapter were written. The Zeppelin era was ended forever.

This most awful of all dirigible disasters was indelibly recorded on the public mind by a thousand gruesome pictures printed in every daily newspaper — and the anguished “Oh, my God! It’s on fire!” — followed by the hysterical sobbing of the announcer broadcasting the catastrophe to millions over the radio. Thirty-six of its 97 passengers and crew perished, including its brilliant commander, Captain Ernst Lehmann. Dr. Eckener had remained in Germany.

Oddly, these were the first paying passengers ever killed in a dirigible disaster.

After exhaustive investigations, Eckener declared no passenger would ever again set foot in a hydrogen-filled airship. But with Hitler rattling the sword, the United States would not sell Germany helium.

In all the world, only two dirigibles remained — the old *Graf*, and the “bigger and better” new *Graf Zeppelin II*, which never flew beyond testing. In 1939, Hitler ordered them dismantled for their metal — for airplanes. The airplane, not even born when the old Count’s L-1 first soared majestically into the air from Lake Constance, had finally won the battle for aerial supremacy.

But not until he was 85, a year before his death, would Hugo Eckener reluctantly admit it.

Monument ODDITIES

BY BILL KREH

EVERY YEAR, thousands of people visit the Washington Monument in Washington, D. C., to see at first hand this 555-foot memorial to the Father of Our Country.

Most visitors to the monument are visibly impressed by the stature and dignity of this mighty obelisk, but they'd probably be astounded if they knew some of the odd, humorous and undignified things that have happened to the monument.

For example, here are just a few of the unpublicized incidents:

★ The cornerstone of the monument was laid on July 4, 1848, but not until after many distinguished guests and thousands of spectators had been forced to wait several hours for the ceremony to start. On the way to the monument, the truck carrying the cornerstone broke through a bridge spanning a small canal. The stone finally was hauled up out of the canal's mud by sailors from the nearby Navy Yard. The hauling-out ceremony was done to the accompaniment of the U. S. Marine Corps Band!

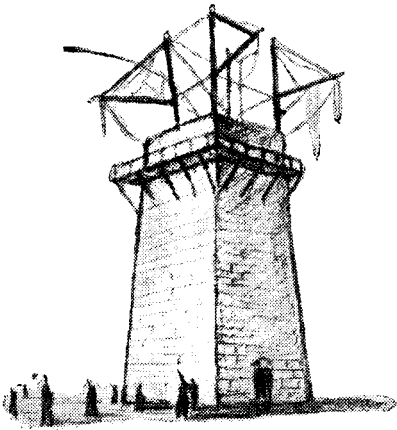
★ On March 5, 1854, somebody stole the memorial stone sent over by Pope Pius IX which was to have been placed, along with 188 other

memorial stones, up the inside staircase of the monument. Whereabouts of the stone and the identity of the thieves is still a mystery!

★ Later in 1854, the Washington Monument Society, which had been sponsoring the construction of the memorial, went broke and work stopped completely. For more than 25 years, the monument stood incomplete at the height of 153 feet.

When work was resumed in 1880, under the auspices of the Federal Government, workmen and engineers were stumped. The ropes which had held scaffolding for the men to work from had long ago rotted away and the men had no way of getting up the 153 feet to resume their work.

The problem finally was solved by obtaining a pigeon and tying several hundred feet of thread-like wire to its leg. The bird was turned loose inside the shaft and a pistol fired to frighten the bird enough to fly up and out of the top. Once outside, the pigeon was shot down and the wire recovered. The workmen then tied lengths of twine of increasing thicknesses to the wire and pulled it through the top of the monument, finally hauling through a heavy guy rope on which the scaf-



folding could be fastened securely.

After work was resumed, the builders were careful to use the Maryland marble from the same vein as that used for the portion already built. However, the stone used after 1880 came from a different strata of the vein and has weathered to a different shade.

★ One morning, when the monument was almost 200 feet high, workmen ascended to the top and found a cat had somehow got up the shaft during the night. As the men approached the scared cat, it let out a yowl and jumped over the side. The workmen reached the edge of the structure just in time to see the cat hit the ground. Instead of being smashed to a pulp, the animal hit the ground on its feet, rolled a few yards and, to the amazement of spectators, got up and ran swiftly across the monument grounds.

★ Work on the monument finally was completed in 1884, and the capstone laid in place on December 6. To accomplish this, a huge platform was built around the top of the monument, 550 feet above the ground. A heavy wind blew the day of the ceremonies and several of the dignitaries, after carefully venturing out on the not-too-solid platform and feeling the sway of the monument, retreated to the ground and refused to take part in the ceremony atop the shaft.

★ Shortly after its completion, baseball fans were astounded when the fabulous Gabby Street successfully caught a regulation baseball dropped from the top of the monument. However, in 1911, Chicago White Sox Catcher Billy Sullivan — not to be outdone — accomplished the feat of catching not one, but three baseballs dropped from the top of the shaft.

★ Ever since the monument has been open to the public, more than a score of publicity-seeking persons have walked down the 898 steps inside the shaft — on their hands! Although monument guards try their best to prevent this type of thing, at least one person a year succeeds in getting away with it.

Last year, National Capital Parks officials flatly refused one young couple's request for use of the monument. They wanted to get married in it!

C★O★E★X★I★S★T★E★N★C★E

Formula for Surrender

BY EUGENE LYONS

THE MAGIC WORD used to be "containment." We were assured by our best wishful thinkers that the galloping leprosy of world Communism was incurable but might be quarantined. We need only write off as forever lost the huge portion of humanity already rotted with the disease, confine it within the Soviet pesthouse, and live happily ever after.

To believe this fairy tale called for childlike naïveté. For there was no important area in the anatomy of this globe, the United States included, without ominous Red spots and rashes. What would it profit us to contain the Soviet empire, even if we found the strength to do so, when the evil was eating into the tissues and corroding the spirit of all countries?

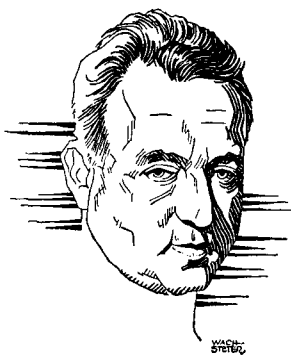
Common sense demanded that the pestilence be *fought*, not *tolerated*.

In any case, containment failed. While we were being drugged

with Achesonian rhetoric, the leperland kept expanding. Czechoslovakia and China succumbed; half of Korea and all of Tibet were swallowed up; Guatemala on our side of the Pacific and Indochina on the other broke out with the telltale blotches. Meanwhile the panic fear called "neutrualism" spread over nations and continents.

So containment lost caste. In the 1952 Presidential campaign it was derided by the Republicans and even its inventors hesitated to defend it. But because the delusions which begot containment remained intact, the idea — unchanged — reappeared in new garb.

Today the magic word is "coexistence." It is inscribed on the Union Jack and the Tricolor and is being invoked more openly by British Laborites in Moscow and Peiping. That noble apostle of peace, Mao Tse-tung, having added 12 million Vietnamese to his do-



main, also unfurled the flag of coexistence.

Some of the very politicians and pundits who acknowledged the futility of containment and talked about seizing the initiative in the Cold War have begun to spin fantasies about a *modus vivendi*, live-and-let-live accommodations — in short, peaceful coexistence. These gentry conceal from themselves the fact that the difference between containment and coexistence is largely semantic.

If anything, indeed, coexistence is a few grades more shabby morally and less realistic politically. To contain an enemy at least implies an active role in applying force at points of bulge to prevent further breakthroughs, whereas to coexist with him implies only a passive faith in the enemy's good will.

Even more than containment, coexistence rests on the defeatist assumption that we are stuck with a half-Communist, half-free world from here to eternity; that the free half can survive only if the butchers in the Kremlin are flattered and bribed into allowing it.

It asserts in effect that the hundreds of millions of people now in Soviet bondage are permanently doomed and have ceased to be any concern of ours. It commits us to do nothing to encourage, let alone promote, resistance and revolt against the hated masters in the Soviet sphere.

The concept of coexistence rules

out policies aiming to drive back and ultimately overthrow the Red power machine — this despite the fact that the overthrow of our kind of world remains the implacable purpose of the Kremlin. It renounces the initiative by guaranteeing that we will do nothing to weaken the enemy or to make allies of his restive subjects.

THE CENTRAL delusion to which coexistence is geared, by which it is being justified, is that the Soviet Union, for all its faults and crimes, is a nation like other nations and can therefore be fitted into the community of nations.

We coexisted with absolutist Russia under the Czars and with the Ottoman Empire in their time. We coexist now with feudal societies in Asia, a variety of dictatorships in the Americas, a spate of Marxist countries. So why should we not find it possible to coexist with a Communist empire?

The answer is that in the Soviet Union we confront an animal without precedent in political zoology. It is not a conventional country with familiar national interests and purposes, but the center of a dynamic world movement, its lines of power reaching deep into all countries, its impulses for dominion unlimited and insatiable.

"Conflicting great powers," an American editor has written, "have lived in coexistence since the beginning of time." That is true enough.

But they have always been powers of the same political species. They had clearly defined borders, populations, national goals. They did not command the allegiance of millions of men living in other countries, the obedience of political parties, undergrounds, fifth columns, even armed formations beyond their own frontiers.

Communists outside the immediate Soviet zones, whether in New York or New Zealand, are in fact citizens of the Kremlin, subject to its orders. The Huks in the Philippines, the Viet Minh in what is left of Indochina, Red guerrillas in Malaya and Burma, legal and illegal Communist formations and their hordes of eager fellow travelers everywhere — these are as much a part of the Soviet empire as Poland or North Korea. Deals for coexistence leave these forces free — often even freer — to carry on.

POWERS with entirely different systems of life were able to coexist because none of them was dedicated by its very nature to achieving world hegemony. But that is the primary Soviet dedication. The Kremlin could abandon its messianic drive only by ceasing to be itself, by hanging its spots. The desperate hope of just that miracle is at the heart of the self-deception now called peaceful coexistence.

To treat the Soviet Union as if it were just another geographical unit is to fool ourselves and thereby

to disarm ourselves, both morally and politically.

In Moscow, during the Attlee-Bevan visit, the New York *Times* reported that Comrade Khrushchev twitted his guests: "You gentlemen," he said, "represent the workers of England but we represent the workers of all countries." Under the levity was a pointed threat. How can we coexist with a complex of power which pretends to authority over the masses everywhere, actually enjoys the blind allegiance of substantial portions of the citizenry of most countries, and makes no secret of its unswerving plan to dominate the world?

The foremost example of a nation living strictly by the rules of coexistence is India. From the first, Mr. Nehru has curried favor with Moscow and supported its major foreign-policy lines with demonstrative zeal. But this did not and does not shield him against Communist depredations. Neighboring Tibet was conquered by the Chinese Communists. Red propaganda and subversion bedevil the country's life.

Only recently, in the very honeymoon of Indian-Soviet coexistence, the Communist Party of India adopted a program of action. Having listed its political and economic goals, the document declared:

These objectives cannot be realized in a peaceful parliamentary way. These objectives can be realized only through the overthrow of the present Indian State and its replace-

ment by a People's Democratic State. For this the Communist Party should be strengthened enormously. . . . The question of when, where and how to resort to arms will be more and more forced on the agenda.

The same type of blueprint for chaos and "resort to arms" was adopted by the Communists of Indonesia, another exponent of the doctrine of coexistence. Thus, while Moscow extends its right hand in phoney friendship, its left is busy with the familiar skulduggery. No concessions in substance or principles can change this. The Soviet dictatorship is the prisoner of its own history. It could not give up its global ambitions and gigantic, worldwide organization without dooming the survival of its empire.

Ideological obsessions aside, the Kremlin's capacity for making high-grade mischief is its most potent weapon — the very instrument with which it compels the "co-operation" of some nations, the neutralism of others. It could not throw away that instrument even if it wished to do so, which it decidedly does not.

LET US SUPPOSE the permanent stalemate called peaceful coexistence for which most free-world statesmen are today pleading were "accepted" by the Soviets. What would be the consequences?

The Kremlin, while observing surface amenities, would continue to engage in subversion, propaganda, the fomenting of civil strife every-

where. Its foreign legions, far from going out of business, would prosper in the new climate of reduced tension. Meanwhile, imports from abroad and easier access to Western technology would fortify the regime at home and reduce the danger in its fears most: the deadly hostility of its enslaved subjects.

At our end, if the will to live is not wholly erased, we would need military build-ups at least equal to Moscow's, in which case the crushing burdens of taxation would not be removed. But more likely the deal would bring a deepening mood of false optimism. The uneasy alliances against Soviet aggression would fall apart. The Kremlin would win the race for military superiority by our default.

The Soviet Union, in sum, would have won the Cold War and regained the capacity to dictate to a softened-up world which it used so ruthlessly in the immediate postwar years. The nervous equilibrium hailed as peaceful coexistence would be maintained as long as — but no longer than — the Soviets found it useful.

After all, the most ambitious and reckless attempt to buy coexistence, paid for with the freedoms of entire nations, was made by President Roosevelt, with the then reluctant consent of Prime Minister Churchill. It was spelled out in Yalta and Potsdam, the Marshall mission to China, endless appeasements and sacrifices of honor and decency.

Mr. Roosevelt spoke of that undertaking as his Great Design. It was directly responsible for the tragic plight of mankind today. His theory was that if the Kremlin were given all it asked for and a bit more, it would be placated, satiated, and ready to enter the family of nations as a normal member.

That blunder derived, of course, from a failure to understand the character of the movement posing when that served its purposes) as conventional government. The blunder is now being repeated, in the suicidal hope of another bargain for peaceful coexistence. It is certain to make the plight of the world worse, while eroding its ability to deal with the challenge.

IT WOULD be well to look at the genealogy of the formula of peaceful coexistence. Those who in the mouth it today seem unaware that it was coined by Lenin and Trotsky in 1918 during the negotiations with Germany at Brest-Litovsk. To the Bolsheviks, the phrase meant an expedient to gain time, until a shift in power relations and revolution in Germany enabled them to resume the Communist offensive.

It was Stalin, back in 1935, who sadly admitted that "a certain temporary equilibrium of forces between our country and the countries of the capitalist world" had been attained at that time. That, he went on, "has determined the present phase of peaceful coexistence." His point was

that the equilibrium was *temporary*, the peaceful coexistence a *present phase*. . . . Things would change and open revolutionary action could be resumed.

In Red double-talk, coexistence has remained an expedient, the accent always on its temporary nature. To the West it might be a solution, but in Soviet usage it is merely a device for winning advantages in time or in deployment of forces or in reducing internal tensions. Dr. Syngman Rhee told the whole story recently in Philadelphia when he warned us that coexistence is a Communist tactic to "lull Americans into a sleep of death." Even the London *Economist* has pointed out editorially that in the mouth of Red leaders, peaceful coexistence means: "World revolution must wait until the Soviet Union has become stronger and its enemies weaker."

The nearest the world came to living together with the Soviet Union was in the 1920's and 30's. But those, let it be remembered, were precisely the decades of the great Communist build-up which has paid off so handsomely since then. Those were the years when the Politburo conquered contiguous areas in Central Asia and the Far East (Outer Mongolia, for instance), sowed its gospel of hate, and most important, planted and nurtured and toughened its fifth columns everywhere.

Peaceful coexistence, in other words, was for the Soviets a time of opportunity — but for the menaced

world a time of political and spiritual paralysis. Advocates of coexistence who point to the 'twenties and 'thirties are unwittingly offering evidence of their own confusions.

Even in World War II, when the Soviets were forced into an alliance with capitalist nations, they did not ever abandon their larger objective. At home and abroad, Communists were alerted to their revolutionary duties and opportunities in the post-war period. The Soviet academies of sabotage, treason and revolution remained in business, training the leadership for the planned conquest of China, Korea, Japan, Eastern Europe, France, Italy and ultimately the world.

After the Western surrender in Geneva, just as after Yalta, Moscow considered it useful again to project the mirage of coexistence. At the same time, however, its Chinese voice proclaimed that the rest of Indochina would be taken over and that Formosa must be "liberated," and the war of nerves against Thailand was stepped up.

COEXISTENCE is a cover word for surrender in the Cold War, a formula for self-deception. Like all appeasements, it can only bring closer the evils it is expected to forestall.

Its widespread adoption as a slogan for compromise marks the lowest moral level to which the non-Soviet nations have sunk. Its purpose is a compact with the devil,

who will then be impelled to try bigger and better deviltries. The spectacle of Britons shaking the hands of Chinese Communists—hands still dripping with British blood from Korea—is the symbol of the moral degradation.

"We shall never acquiesce in the enslavement of any people in order to purchase fancied gain for ourselves," President Eisenhower said in his first State of the Union message. Only a few months ago Eisenhower and Churchill in their joint statement said: "As regards formerly sovereign states now in bondage, we will not be a party to any arrangement which would confirm or prolong their unwilling subordination."

What of these solemn pledges to the captive one-third of the human race? Coexistence raised to the level of primary policy confirms and aims to perpetuate that captivity. It makes us an overt partner of the Kremlin gang for as long as it is mercifully willing to maintain the partnership.

It is one thing to deal with gangsters and kidnappers because you have no alternative, while remaining determined to defeat and destroy them. It is quite another thing to accept them as a permanent affliction to be endured and placated—to concede their right to terrorize their victims and quarter their hoodlums in our homes.

The Communists run no risks in a posture of coexistence. To them it is a tactic. Their strategic goal—

the "liberation" of the rest of mankind from its freedoms, its religion, its culture and morality — is unaltered.

The free world, and America in particular, will enjoy a similar flexibility of tactical action only when they make an equivalent commitment: to liberate the whole world from the horrors and threats of Communism. Any lesser purpose is morally degrading and politically

self-defeating. Talk of peaceful coexistence, precisely in the measure that we mean it literally, is a powerful opiate.

The alternative is a firm decision not merely to contain the Soviet empire but to shrink it, to make the Kremlin disgorge what it has swallowed, and ultimately to help its victims, including the peoples of Russia proper, to throw off the Communist yoke.



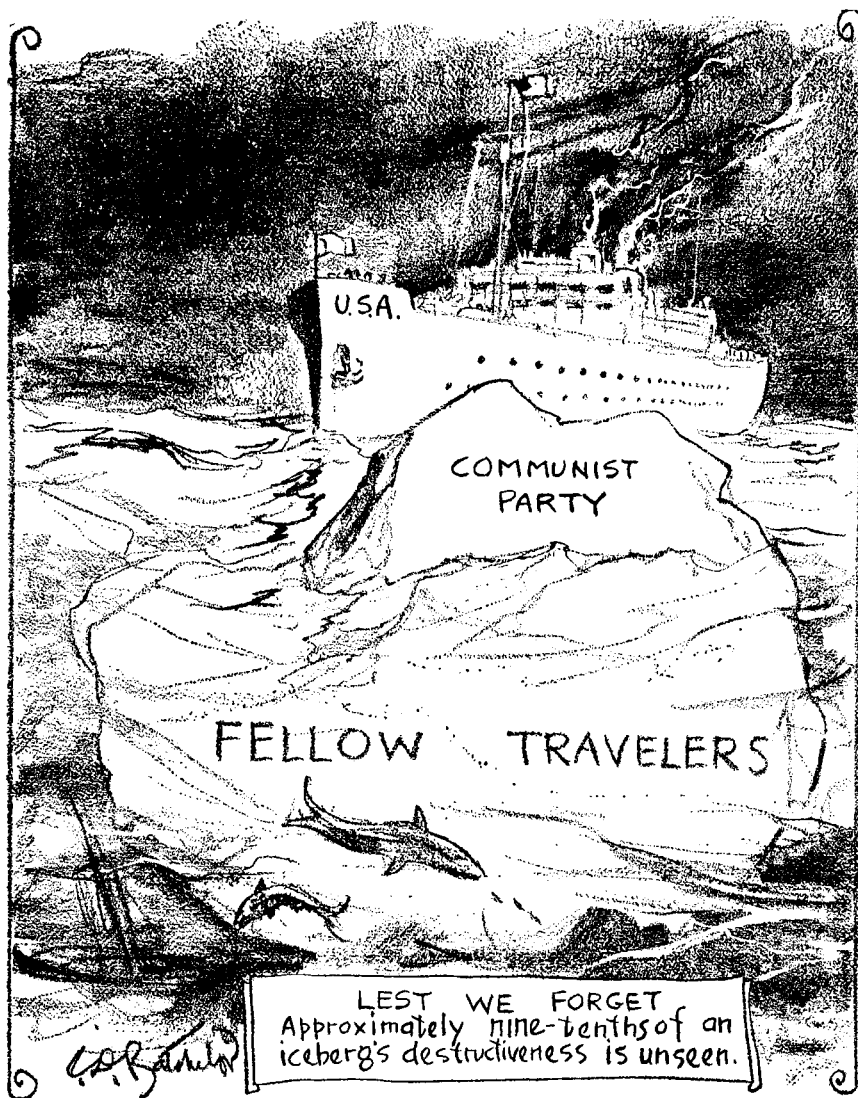
Memo to Mr. Attlee:

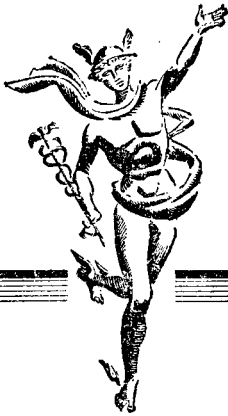
You, and other free-world statesmen who bemuse themselves with the mirage of so-called coexistence, would do well to read and ponder the following pronouncement by a leading Communist. Please remember as you read that these words were uttered twenty-four years ago:

War to the hilt between Communism and capitalism is inevitable. Today, of course, we are not strong enough to attack. Our time will come in twenty or thirty years. To win we shall need the element of surprise. The bourgeoisie will have to be put to sleep. So we shall begin by launching the most spectacular peace movement on record. There will be electrifying overtures and unheard of concessions. The capitalist countries, stupid and decadent, will rejoice to cooperate in their own destruction. They will leap at another chance to be friends. As soon as their guard is down, we shall smash them with our clenched fist.

— From a speech by Dimitri Z. Manuilski
to the International Students of the Lenin
School of Political Warfare, Moscow.

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON





In the **MERCURY'S OPINION**

BY RUSSELL MAGUIRE

AN IMPORTANT SPEECH was made in Chicago, Illinois, on August 9, 1954. Dr. J. B. Matthews, the outstanding authority on Communism in our country and a Contributing Editor of the *AMERICAN MERCURY*, on that night discussed "Moscow's Religious Fifth Column in the U.S."

It is, of course, impossible to print here the entire speech. It is imperative, however, that we listen to a portion of Dr. Matthews' address that we may give it the thought it deserves.

Dr. Matthews said:

Just four days ago, the World Presbyterian Alliance issued a message to its constituent churches, including those behind the Iron Curtain. The message included this amazing exhortation: "Be loyal to the government of the nation in which you live . . ." That exhortation reveals the ultimate moral bankruptcy of this large segment of the leadership of Protestant Christianity.

I charge that Bishop Peter [of the Hungarian Delegation] is a Soviet agent sent to Evanston [to the meeting of the World Council of Churches] for the express purpose of

keeping tab on his fellow delegates from Hungary.

I further charge that Bishop Peter successfully carried out a murderous mission to Cairo, Egypt, under instructions from his Communist bosses in Budapest, on which mission he persuaded one Sornoky of the Hungarian Embassy in Cairo to return to Hungary to face death at the hands of the Hungarian Communist butchers.

I charge that Bishop Peter was fully informed of the purpose of his diabolical mission to Cairo, and that he was selected for this mission for the sole reason that he was related to

Sornoky by family ties. I state, with all possible solemnity, that the foregoing facts are known to some of the highest officials of the United States Government, and that they have been available to Bishop Oxnham and other leaders of the World Council of Churches.

Anyone who reads the Protestant press of the United States — and I assure you that I read it regularly and with intense interest — can detect that it is permeated by certain propagandistic assumptions, fallacies, illusions, and untenable optimisms. I challenge the prevailing temper and tone of the press of the major Protestant denominations.

I challenge the easy-going optimism, which is unsupported by any facts, that we must inevitably win because truth is on our side. I reject, on the empirical evidence of history, any form of determinism — economic, moral, or religious. I believe that man has been created morally free; and that means that he is free to destroy himself, both individually and collectively.

I challenge the illusion that the United States must inevitably win the next and decisive war of history, simply because we have won, or appeared to win, all the wars of the past in which we have been involved. Today, we have lost every contest with international Communism.

I CHALLENGE the illusion that the United Nations is an instrument of peace. I hold that it could not be

less of a cruel hoax if it had been organized in hell for the sole purpose of aiding and abetting the destruction of the United States. I hold that the sooner we withdraw from membership and send its delegations scurrying to the four corners of the earth, whence they came, the greater will be our security.

I challenge the basic intelligence of those who vociferously oppose the diplomatic recognition of Red China by the United States and do not at the same time demand the severance of all diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union and all her satellites. We are in the ludicrous position of entertaining the devil as a house guest, but slamming the front door on one of his little imps.

I challenge the assumption that as a nation we have any enduring friends or allies. We have only enduring national interests.

I challenge the fallacy — dangerous in the extreme — that any form of socialism, whether the Norman Thomas, the ADA, or the Republican brand, is any “third force” or “vital center” which can mediate the conflict between freedom and Communism. The historic role of socialism is to bring about the deterioration of the collective morale of any nation that adopts it, or in other words, to make that nation a pushover for Communist conquest.

I challenge the Pollyanna notion that Christianity possesses any superiority that automatically guarantees its survival in any given country

or in any given age. Christianity faces its second major crisis in almost two thousand years. The crisis with which the Christian world is confronted in the twentieth century is comparable only with that which it faced from the conquests of Islam.

Within a hundred years after the Hegira, or Mohammed's flight from Mecca to Medina, in 622 A.D., Islam had built an empire which surpassed in power and extent that of Rome at her zenith. In land after land, in Near Asia and Africa, Christianity was all but obliterated.

For a thousand years after the Hegira, Christianity stood at the crossroads. It was not until the seventeenth century that the issue was settled when the Ottoman Turks were finally stopped at the gates of Vienna by Rudiger Von Strahremberg's heroic defense of the city.

Today, we face a far more formidable foe.

A FEW months ago, I visited the tomb of John the Baptist in the Omayyad Mosque in Damascus. In the fourth century, Theodosius of Rome built the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist on the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter. In the eighth century, the Cathedral was transformed by the Omayyad caliph of Damascus, Al-Walid I, into one of the most impressive mosques of the Moslem world. I could not help but wonder if most of the Christians who worshipped in the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist in the late

seventh and early eighth centuries did not fatally underestimate the fanatical nature and power of the Moslem threat and believe that somehow their faith and its institutions would survive indestructible. Twelve centuries have come and gone; and still the cry, *Allahu Akbar!* is heard from the minaret.

Last Christmas Day, after spending Christmas Eve in Bethlehem, I walked about the narrow streets of the Old City of Jerusalem until I came to the 8th Station of the Cross on the Via Dolorosa, where I had lived in a small hospice 28 years before.

You will remember the New Testament account of what happened at the 8th Station of the Cross. I quote it: "And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children, for, behold, the days are coming, in which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bear, and the paps that never gave suck."

On New Year's Day, I stood under the Arch of Titus in Rome, built to commemorate his total destruction of Jerusalem in the year 70 A.D.

The Christians in Damascus probably forgot that nations and civilizations rise and fall. Christians in the United States are today forget-

ting this extremely important fact.

The Jews in Jerusalem probably paid little heed to the warning of Jesus, and also forgot that nations and civilizations rise and fall.

We must not forget. We must awaken immediately and take action.

More appropriate for us than for the British fifty-seven years ago are the words of Kipling's *Recessional*:

God of our fathers, know of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — Lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget — Lest we forget!

Do You Know That—

- The world's population is now 2 billion, 500 million? This is 10 times the total at the time of Christ. It is 5 times the total 300 years ago. It is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the total 100 years ago.
- If the present accelerated rate of increase continues for 30 years, there will be 4 billion people — an increase of more than 50 per cent — in the next 30 years.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- A great religious revival is sweeping the country. 9,082 churches were built in 1953, to bring the nation's total to 294,359.
- The average American pastor's standard of living is below that of 1939. In that year the average pastor received \$2,725 as against \$4,391 last year. But considering the depreciation in the value of the dollar, this represents a loss of \$427.



The Eyes Nothing Can Escape

BY DAL STIVENS

IN AUSTRALIA, where 9,000,000 people of largely Anglo-Saxon stock live, there are about 80,000 dusky-skinned people. These are the aborigines, one of the most ancient races on earth, who came to Australia about 5,000 years ago across the then existing land bridge with Asia.

I grew up in Australia among these aborigines and, during the years I lived there, never ceased to be amazed by their extraordinary talents, their acute powers of deduction, their highly developed senses of smell and sight. My father and grandfather, having lived among them most of their lives, too, could not speak of some past experience without bringing the aborigines into the conversation.

These people have chocolate-brown skins; wavy or curly hair,

generally black. They have large mouths and palates; wide, fig-shaped noses, with a depressed root; and receding foreheads. They are a little shorter than the average white Australian.

They were food gatherers, hunters and fishermen, and over the centuries they built up a complex, non-material culture. Each tribe had its own hunting grounds and practiced its own sacred rites that members believed assured them of sufficient game to kill and plant food to gather. Considering some of the limitations of the country they settled, where there were no cereals that could be cultivated and no animals other than wild dogs that could be domesticated, the aborigines met the challenge of living off a difficult land very well.

Put simply, the aboriginal phi-

losophy was to rest when your stomach was full, and work, that is, hunt, when it was empty. It was a way of life which meant quick, explosive bursts of tigerish energy when hunting, followed by long stretches of inactivity.

Some 30,000 of them are half-wild, living in the sparsely settled northern parts of the commonwealth. They are, in the main, untouched by the white civilization and still live the life of their ancestors. They can survive in arid deserts where white men would die unless they carried food and water. They can track down the shyest and most elusive of bush animals, following a track where white eyes can see nothing at all, over the roughest and most difficult country. They will follow the trail left by a kangaroo or emu over ground baked hard by months of temperatures over the century, even over pebbly plains where only a few hardy scrubs grow. And all the time their acute, trained eyes and brains will be building up a mental picture of their quarry — the age, size or weight, the state of health, the characteristics of gait.

This phenomenal skill is frequently put to good use by the white Australians, and many remote police stations employ them as human bloodhounds to trail criminals and to find lost people.

IN WESTERN New South Wales a few years ago, a girl of four wandered from her home one morn-

ing and was soon lost in the thick brush. The father sought help from neighbors. Forty men on foot and horseback beat through the scrub until nightfall, without success. Back at the farmhouse, the farmer phoned the police, 40 miles away, seeking the aid of the aborigines, or black trackers as they are called, attached to the station.

A tracker arrived at the farm just before dawn and went to work. There didn't seem to be anything for him to follow. It was high summer, the ground was baked hard, and the farm was surrounded by thick mallee "eucalypt" scrub growing along the stony ridges. He circled the house, moving out farther and farther when each cast of his keen eyes failed. Then suddenly he struck out confidently in a direct line. Only *his* eyes saw any trail across the paddocks and into the scrub.

For hours he followed a phantom track, the distracted parents close on his heels. Sometimes he went at a fast lope. At others he dropped to his hands and knees. Twice, in stony country, he lost what he was following. He made his casts about the spot until he picked up the tracks again. Finally, in the late afternoon, he found the little girl, tired, thirsty and red with the sun, sleeping exhaustedly beside a log.

The tracker was almost as pleased as the parents, for the aborigines are a simple, kindly people. They never let up for an instant when

seeking a lost person, driving themselves to the breaking point, and often crying with joy when they have led the rescuers to an exhausted, thirst-stricken man or child.

The track this man had followed had consisted of a few crushed leaves, an occasional broken twig, a kicked pebble, a fiber of the child's skirt here and there — things not perceptible to untrained white men.

Skills shown by these half-wild aborigines seem to border on the miraculous. But it is the logical product of environment and training required of them in order to survive. They have no way of preserving food in a hot country, so they must kill almost daily. They are accurate with their spears only up to about 50 yards, so they must get close to their kill. They must deduce from the tracks of, say, a kangaroo, everything which can help them in their quest — whether the kangaroo is traveling fast or slow, whether it is ill or maimed, and, most important, when it will come into range.

From his earliest days, that black tracker who saved the life of the farmer's daughter had learned to trace the prints of every bird and animal in the sand, until he could recognize them unerringly. As he grew to boyhood he went with the men on hunting expeditions. He learned to pinpoint time by peering at a bruised leaf or blade of grass; to estimate the effect of so many hours of direct sun, cloud shade, shade from a tree, or the effect of the wind.

And he had acquired the most profound knowledge of all the fauna that the tribe hunted — their habits of eating and drinking, where they rested at night and in the heat of the day — the kind of knowledge absolutely essential to his survival.

AS A BOY I lived in a former gold-mining town. On its outskirts lived a lonely old man, "Crazy Jack," who periodically became lost. On one occasion the police could find no sign of him after two days' search. So the trackers were sent for. The scrub was criss-crossed with hundreds of tracks — those made by earlier searchers and those made daily by Crazy Jack himself. No rain had fallen for many weeks. After only a moment's hesitation, the two trackers picked up what they believed to be the old man's freshest tracks and struck out.

"Him sick," was the trackers' comment after several miles.

"Drunk, you mean!" said the white police.

"Sick!" insisted the trackers.

Half an hour later they stopped and pointed sadly to an abandoned shaft. "Him there." He was, too, and the post-mortem confirmed that the old bush hermit had in fact been ill and not drunk when he had gone off alone to seek death. How had the trackers known? From observing tracks made by men, both sick and well, ever since their baby days.

The skill of the black tracker can work even in a crowded city street.

A retired police sergeant told me of one instance. In Queensland, years ago, a man robbed a gold-mining camp and got away. The tracker was following the fugitive's tracks when a typical Queensland thunderstorm washed them out. Ten days later the tracker was off duty and sauntering down the main street of Cooktown, a coastal port, when he saw the same boot prints outside the post office. He led the police troopers, picking the tracks uncannily through thousands of footmarks in the dusty street, to various points of call and finally to a hotel where the thief was arrested.

RELATED with wonder, too, is the story of the native who led a search party for three lost men. This tracker gave a running commentary as they went along on the activities of the men while getting lost. The highlight of this description was that one of the men had put a shotgun to his left shoulder and killed a wild turkey. You work that one out backwards: (1) a man puts his right foot forward to shoot left-handed; (2) the pellets had no doubt torn the scrub and grass; (3) the wild turkey had lost some feathers. All this the alert tracker had observed when untrained white men had seen nothing.

My grandfather told me of a superb feat of tracking he had seen as a boy. Two aborigines wounded an emu with a spear and followed it for half a mile, pointing out to my

grandfather the almost negligible trail — a spot of blood on a leaf, a crushed twig, a toe mark, loose stones here and there that the wounded bird had scattered. When they came to a large, flat rock it seemed they must lose the trail but to my grandfather's amazement they got down on their knees and blew on the rock. Soon they were moving forward, stopping to blow at intervals.

They explained that the emu had crossed the rock and in doing so, its feet had broken off some of the tiny leaves of moss. They pointed at one spot, blew on it, and my grandfather saw tiny particles of moss fly up. In this way the hunters tracked the emu across 50 yards of rock and on to easier country. They came upon it, finally, lying dead with the spear in its body.

Some white people have claimed that nature has endowed the aborigines with something special in the way of senses, like the bloodhound which can smell its quarry half a mile away. This is not supported by a doctor who tested the sight and hearing of some Australian aborigines. "Their eyesight and hearing are not, on the average, better developed than those of the white man," he says.

They are, however, better trained and their sense of smell certainly is much better than the white man's. I have known them to smell a camp fire, burning tobacco and a sweating horse at a distance of a mile.

Not surprisingly, though, when an aborigine is brought to town, he loses some of his skill with his nose and there is some lessening of his primitive tracking powers.

FEW MEN on the run have ever beaten the trackers. They make astounding progress even in rough country, moving faster than the fugitive or the lost person. Some who track from horseback leave the trail they are following, gallop a mile or so ahead, and pick it up again. They can do this because they have what Australians call "an eye for country." Long experience tells them which way a fugitive or lost man is likely to go on account of the nature of the terrain.

Not even the notorious Roy Governor, last of the Australian bush-rangers, or outlaws, was able to get the better of Alec Riley, a tracker attached to the New South Wales police force. Governor sought safety in the untamed northwest country. He was cunning, resourceful, armed — and he was an aborigine. He knew what was stacked against him.

He wrapped sheepskin round his feet to hide his trail. He doubled and circled. He went down the banks of streams and entered the water as though about to cross but instead would leap into a tree, swing from branch to branch and tree to tree for perhaps 50 yards, then drop to the ground. But he never shook off Alec Riley, and every night police and tracker camped hot on his

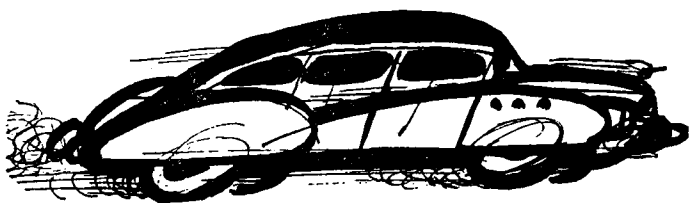
trail. They captured him in the end.

Australian aborigines are fond of laughter. Their sense of humor sometimes takes on a bizarre and sardonic form best illustrated by a story which has trickled down from Darwin, capital of the Northern Territory. There a man was found battered to death and robbed in his bedroom. The police, finding no clues, called in a black tracker.

Almost the first thing the tracker detected was a cigarette butt in the ash tray — and that was enough. Most men in the Territory roll their own cigarettes and they do it in a highly individual way — to the observant aborigines. This particular butt was folded oddly at the smoking end. The tracker knew his man immediately, knew where he lived and where to find him. But he said nothing to the police. As he told his cronies that evening, he decided to lead the police a dance. He rushed round and round the room, sniffing like an excited pointer. Then he raced into the hall and out a back window with the police hard on his heels. He snuffled across a bare paddock and then struck a road. Here he pretended to lose the tracks but eventually picked them up.

He followed a gutter into town, ultimately to a pub, into the bar, out on to the streets again, and finally back to the outskirts of town once more. There with the police puffing heartily, having had his fun, he led them to the hut where the murderer was burying his plunder.

PRIZES FOR SAFE DRIVING



By
**JAMES
ANDREW
MAYER**

THREE chief banes in the lives of touring motorists (males, that is) are lady drivers, 40-mile-an-hour road hogs, and those huge, lumbering truck-and-trailer combines; and on the unheeding heads of all three are bestowed torrents of profanity, so fiery and so eloquent as to almost melt the asphalt surface of the nation's highways.

None are more conscious of that fact than the heads of the larger long-haul trucking companies, who are subject to ever-increasing pressures and harassments from the public, from Congress and from the various state legislatures.

The truckers have come up with a unique public relations program to build up good will. They are promoting and financing intensive safety campaigns throughout the nation, not only to educate the general public in safe driving techniques, but also their own drivers.

The truckers have adopted their own variation of the box-top and coupon plan. For each month of "safe" driving, a month in which the driver is involved in no accidents, major or minor, he is credited with

a fixed number of points. The exact number varies from company to company, depending on the type of truck and driving conditions.

At any time the driver can cash his points for a wide variety of merchandise, most of which is designed to attract the attention of his wife and kiddies. In three to five years' time he can, for instance, earn enough points to get his wife an electric range or a new refrigerator. In from six months to a year, he can get junior a new bike. If he is a bachelor, he might even choose a new hunting rifle for himself.

The safe-driving premium scheme was devised by the American Trucking Association, and is being adopted voluntarily by the member companies. All drivers of the member companies receive weekly and monthly circulars and bulletins from the Association, emphasizing various safe driving practices.

Companies report that their accident rates have dropped from 40 to 60 per cent, and that their insurance rates have been reduced as much as 30%, which more than pays the cost of the merchandise.

COMMUNISM

CAME TO MY COLLEGE

By Victor Burke

MY COLLEGE is located in a modern city of 8,000, surrounded by a rich agricultural region. The citizens have every reason to be contented; this is a community to which God has been good. If Communism can be seeded into and flourish in such an environment, no educational center is safe from this menace.

Things were quiet at my college until Professor X, appearing on a program in a neighboring city, digressed from the subject of the evening and lectured on Russia. Although he had never been there, Professor X considered himself an authority on that country. His enthusiasm caused him to make some unwise statements concerning Russia — and these were quoted in the next morning's edition of the local paper.

Public reaction was quick and emphatic. The president of our col-

lege promptly announced there was no place on the faculty for a Communist. A spokesman for Professor X announced that he would make no more speeches on Russia, but he wanted it understood he was of the same opinion still. Interest was high as to what would happen to Professor X and, as frequently occurs, the question of academic freedom was raised.

At the next meeting of one of my classes, I digressed from the usual subject to discuss academic freedom. Professor X was popular with the students and it seemed advisable to point out that academic freedom was not involved; that all freedoms have limitations; that these limitations are set by laws, good taste, sound judgment, moral standards, loyalty, and public opinion. A teacher has no right to violate any

of these. I explained that I could discuss Communism all I wished if I did not violate any of these restrictions.

I dismissed the class and went home. As I stepped inside the house, the telephone rang and I answered. A strange voice came over the wire.

"We are having a meeting and would like to have you join us."

"Who is this?" I asked, but my question was not answered.

"This is a meeting of those interested in deciding what should be done."

"Who is this?" I was emphatic, and was given a fictitious name.

"Well, I plan to hear Professor Y at the college this evening. He is lecturing on a progressive subject and it should be good," I continued.

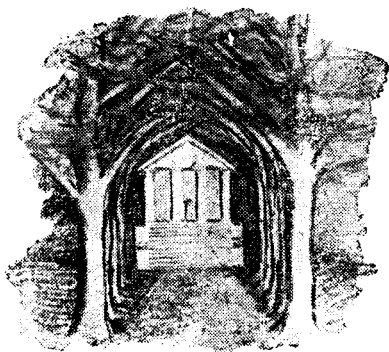
Professor Y was having a little trouble with his progressive ideas and I wanted to see how reckless he could be.

"Yes, it should be good. I will see you there."

That has been my closest contact with a Communist or subversive group. I was surprised and considered it a joke that anyone would consider me a possible convert to Communism, but it demonstrated that the Communists are on the lookout for converts among educators.

AND so Communism came to my college, a state college. What to do about it was soon settled. The state legislature passed a law re-

quiring all state employees to sign a loyalty oath before checks were delivered. I had a feeling of elation and pride in putting down in writing where I stood on the question of Communism and of loyalty. I suspect that most of the faculty felt the same way. All signed. I doubt whether there are any card-carrying Communists on the faculty, only some misguided or unwise individuals. But Communism is still there — and like leprosy, it can be held in check only if leaders act wisely.



What to do about Communism among the students has not been solved. This serious situation confronts everyone with three obligations or duties: (1) elimination of Communist teachers; (2) safeguards to prevent the hiring of others; (3) neutralization of anti-anti-Communists. The third obligation includes re-education of fellow travelers and dupes, which requires, among other things, critical analysis of the claims

made by those self-appointed defenders of freedom, the anti-anti-Communists.

The charges against McCarthyism are numerous. In general they question the fairness of the methods used, list the evils created and advocate change without being specific. What follows may be considered a defense of the methods used. It also indicates that the evils created are imaginary, and that no effective substitute is in sight. And to some extent it must include a defense of Senator McCarthy.

Book Burning: The Congressional committees are in no way attempting to control books in the libraries in this country. They are interested in books on the shelves of libraries overseas. These libraries were established to make available information on this country. To place in these libraries books by Communist authors written to convince the world that "America was foul" and that "the workers in this country and the workers of every country have only one flag and that flag is the Red Flag" constitutes a misuse of public funds.

One parent-teacher group passed this resolution: "We oppose any movement to curb the right to read." Surely some members of this group, if they had stopped to think, would have realized that all libraries exclude certain types of literature from their shelves. And the Government restricts reading by preventing the transmission of certain

types of literature through the mail.

Parents who do not control and guide the reading of their children are derelict in their duty. Reading is part of a child's education and should be carefully supervised. That book burning should be utilized to get rid of much trash no thoughtful person will deny.

Freedom of Speech: There are some misconceptions concerning freedom of speech as guaranteed by the Constitution. The Constitution guarantees freedom of speech within the law.

In a society, all freedoms, including freedom of speech, that affect others adversely are limited by individual and public interests. For example, any teacher can state all the truth about Communism. He cannot be permitted to state a few facts and some favorable opinions about Communism with the intent to influence the mind toward change of our government by force. He cannot be permitted to express opinions that Communism is superior to a democratic form of government with the object of creating rebellion.

The countless numbers of recent speeches, books and articles attacking McCarthyism refute the claim that freedom of speech is in danger. Academic freedom of speech, however, has always been further restricted. The teacher, by reason of his influence on the young mind, faces restrictions which cannot be ignored. Communism is not just a difference of opinion as some would

have us believe. The public is justified in doubting the value of a teacher who thinks so.

Guilt by Association: People will always be judged by the company they keep. Actions can be hidden; associations not so easily.

Courts have held that "association" is a sound basis for judging men. States have passed laws based on this belief. Public Law 85 makes a person's presence in an illegal establishment a crime. "Association is a factor which, under the law, must be considered by the commission [AEC]." The American Bar Association has ruled that an attorney who hides behind the Fifth Amendment "has thereby disclosed disqualification for the practice of law." Surely a teacher who associates with Communists or hides behind the Fifth Amendment disqualifies himself as a teacher.

There is no evidence that McCarthyism has led to the injury of any uncontaminated person. Those investigated have been members or dupes of the Communist Party. A person who belongs to a number of Communist front organizations aids the Communist cause. If loyal and innocent of any evil intentions, he must be considered a dupe, that is, careless or stupid. That is the only extent to which McCarthyism has injured the innocent. And such an individual no more qualifies for a teaching position than an associate of gamblers qualifies as cashier in a bank.

Fear Among Teachers: There are over 1,000,000 teachers in this country. Less than 200 have been called before Congressional committees. More than half of these have hidden behind the Fifth Amendment. Some have been dismissed; others retained. States have investigated and dismissed an unknown number.

The charge that teachers as a class fear to search out the truth and present it to their classes has not been indicated by any investigation. If fear among teachers exists in some communities, it is due to guilt or ignorance of committee intent and action.

Un-American: The charges that the investigations as conducted are un-American is another attempt to confuse the issue. The committees do not prosecute or convict. A person appearing before one of the committees, who has nothing to hide, has nothing to fear. He can have a legal adviser at his side to supervise his answers. If he hides behind the Fifth Amendment when his testimony would not incriminate him, he commits perjury. If the individual refuses to co-operate and insults the investigator, he deserves no sympathy from the public. If damage to his reputation results, that is his fault. We are attempting through the committees to defend our schools. No fairer, effective method has been devised. Since when has self-defense become un-American.

Witch-Hunting: There is nothing in common between the New Eng-

land witch-hunting and the investigation of Communism. Witch-hunting was based on a belief in and fear of the supernatural. It was an attempt at protection from something that did not exist. It has been shown that Communists do exist in this country and in places least expected. More than 60 have been convicted, after a fair trial, of agitating the overthrow of our Government by force. These convictions would not have occurred without the Congressional investigations. The anti-anti-Communists are attempting to reduce the effectiveness of these investigations.

Conformity — Thought Control: Another smoke screen sent up by the anti-anti-Communists to confuse the issue. The only “conformity” McCarthyism is interested in is loyalty. Is that too much to expect of our citizens? As soon as loyalty is demonstrated, the investigators look elsewhere.

Leave It to the FBI: The FBI cannot control Communism for two reasons: (1) it can do no more than investigate and make secret reports; (2) it cannot tag and report on but a fraction of those advancing Communism.

Many reports on Communist suspects were made without affecting their appointment, promotion or tenure of office. Here are a few: Silvermaster — 28, Kaplan — 24, Adler — 21, Glazer — 18, Coc — 13, Perlo — 10, Ulman — 8, White — 7. In addition, multiple reports were

made on Hiss, Oppenheimer and others without appropriate action being taken. Congressional investigations are essential. These investigations are not secret as are those of the FBI. Publicity insures action.

McCarthyism Divides and Weakens: All groups, political, religious, etc. divide into the lefts and the rights, the lefts blaming McCarthyism for the split. This is one of those asinine charges not subject to proof or disproof. It was coined by the anti-anti-Communists in lieu of a sound argument.

The anti-anti-Communists pretend to see a parallel between McCarthyism and the success of Communism abroad. They fail to point out a parallel between what they are doing to McCarthy and what the Communists did to loyal citizens in other countries before taking over. They fail to point out that if there had been enough McCarthyism in other countries taken over by the Communists, those countries would now be free.

Those who claim “anti-Communism is just as dangerous as Communism and sometimes even more so” should have their hearts and heads examined. There is something wrong with their knowledge, their reasoning or their loyalty.

Cardinal Spellman states his position in these words: “There are strong reasons for these inquiries and we thank God that they have begun while there is still time to do something about it. The anguished

cries and protests against McCarthyism are not going to dissuade Americans from their desire to see Communists exposed and removed from positions where they can carry on their nefarious plans. If American prestige is going to suffer in Europe because of this understandable desire we have to keep our free society immune from Communist subversion, then it seems more a reflection upon European standards of honor and patriotism than on ours."

Character Assassin: The character of no guiltless person has been wrecked by McCarthy. Some loyal persons guilty of associating with Communists, joining Communist front organizations and promoting the Communist cause have been called before the McCarthy Committee. If they co-operated with the Committee, they were protected; if they did not co-operate, they were examined in public. If their reputations were damaged, that resulted from their own actions. No one has been examined who should not have been. Many who should be examined have not been. Perhaps the Committee will get around to them.

Threat to the Constitution: McCarthy offers no threat to the Constitution and violates none of its provisions. McCarthy, in his controversy with the Army, was not usurping the power granted to the President by the Constitution. Art. I; Sec. 8; Par. 14 conveys to the Congress the power to make rules for the government and regulation

of the land and naval forces of the United States. Congress has the power and the duty to see that its laws are enforced.

MCCARTHY has gotten results. He has proved most of his claims and is not through. Many changes have occurred in Federal, state and educational personnel. Loyalty regulations have been tightened; new laws passed; and others proposed since McCarthy became chairman of his Committee in January, 1953. Many of his conclusions have been accepted by his enemies. He has turned up 74 "Fifth Amendment Communists." It is safe to say that many of these changes would not have occurred if McCarthy had not been a member of the Committee.

Most loyal citizens will agree that Communists should be weeded out of positions of trust quickly and effectively. One year is too long; one missed, too many. This can not be done with kid gloves.

The misfortune of McCarthy is that he has to hold off with one hand those who should be on his side, while with the other he digs out Communists. However, if we exclude from the group attacking him the Communists, fellow travelers, dupes and those activated by political motives, there is little substance left. The country owes a vote of thanks to McCarthy. He deserves our support — and judging from a recent Gallup poll, he is receiving it in the ratio of 5 to 3.

The Miracle of the Hummingbird

BY CHARLES E. BOOTH

OF ALL the precious jewels that Mother Nature can boast, the tiny hummingbird is in many ways the most colorful. Native only to the Americas, there are over four hundred species of these feathered rainbows. Yet, of this great number, only eighteen of them cross the Mexican border into the United States each spring. And of the eighteen, only one, the ruby-throat, visits the eastern states. The others head straight for the western and southwestern parts of the country.

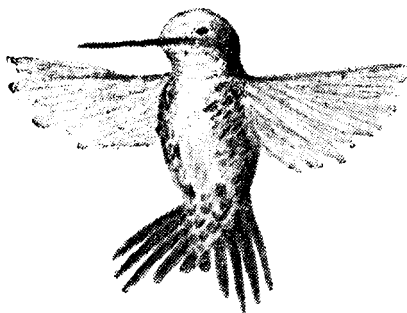
Besides being the smallest birds in the world, hummingbirds can lay claim to many other outstanding and perhaps little-known achievements.

The three-and-a-quarter-inch ruby-throat, for instance, flies non-stop twice a year to and from its winter home in Central America — a distance of over 500 miles. For such a tiny fellow, this is indeed a proud accomplishment.

These members of the bird world's "four hundred" are the originators of our modern helicopter design. Like a spinning wand, their wings beat at the rate of over 12,000 strokes per minute, permitting them to hover in mid-air above flowers and plants. They can fly forward and backward without once leaving their original course. They are in fact true, living helicopters.

Like most of our feathered residents and visitants, hummingbirds perform an important service to plants and flowers. As they hover over the blossoms, they select one that looks as though it contains a good supply of sweet nectar. Then they fly forward and backward directly over it until they seem to "get a bead" on their target. Once this is





accomplished, they let themselves down easily and poke their long, semi-tubular bill inside the blossom and draw in the nectar. In the course of getting the nectar, any insects that have taken refuge inside the flowers are sampled along with the sweet juice.

But there is another and perhaps more important service which the hummingbirds offer. During their unique feeding on the various blossoms, they transfer pollen from one plant to another — much like the moths, butterflies and bees.

HUMMINGBIRDS are both aerial and arboreal in habit, but on the ground they must resort to the use of their wings in addition to their legs and feet in order to propel themselves along. Horizontal surfaces present a problem to them. But on vertical surfaces such as rocks or stumps or trunks of trees, they can cling with amazing skill.

Although their small size helps them considerably in escaping detection by any enemies or by human beings, their habits and manner of

flying no doubt contribute much toward their being unmolested. For, more often than not, many of them are confused with the hawk moths or sphinx moths which look very much like them and hover over the same plants. But to see a hummingbird closely is to hear the humming of its wings as they beat in rapid strokes. Moths, of course, fly on silent wings.

The nests of most hummingbirds are slightly larger than a thimble, yet they are constructed so as to last for years. Made of bark fibers, plant stems and fine ferns, they are covered on the outside with soft gray plant down. The inside is lined with only the finest and softest of down, often dandelion down. One or two, usually two, white eggs, each the size of large beans, occupy the entire nest. But the parent birds faithfully guard them until they hatch and then feed the little hummers with great fondness.

One of the most startling facts regarding the brilliant colors of the different species of hummingbirds is that with every movement of the birds, a change in shade or color results. An emerald green can instantly replace a ruby red. A sapphire blue succeeds a fiery orange and a velvety black can turn into a metallic purple. This color change is caused by the rays of the sun touching the feathers at different angles.

Hummingbirds are a miracle of color, beauty, gracefulness and stamina that lend the sparkle of a rainbow to our gardens and to our forests

A SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN ADDRESSES LEONARD HALL

MR. LEONARD HALL, *Chairman*
Republican National Committee
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Hall:

In the June issue of the Republican paper, *Straight from the Shoulder*, I noticed that the indirect attack on the work of Senator Joseph McCarthy, launched by one Republican Fair Dealer after another, is being made the national program of the Republican Party. In the interests of a united Republican Party, I should like to reason with you.

In the first place, Senator McCarthy is not expendable. If you do not wish to endorse him publicly, that is your right. He will continue to be loyal to you, even while you sell him down the river. But there is a large group of Republican voters who, like McCarthy, are not expendable, who will not follow you down the road to the ADA. Nor, if you insist on splitting the Republican Party by sabotaging McCarthy's loyal Republicanism, will they abandon Joseph McCarthy.

I refer to the perpetual snapping at his heels that has been promoted and encouraged for some months now. I refer to the special praise that has been officially lavished on anybody who attacked him, either from the front or from the rear — on Flanders, for example, and Murrow, and Stevens and Stassen. I refer to the skillful semantic manipulation of words like "strictly legal" — with which you describe the Justice Department's prosecution of Communists, in order to make McCarthy's work appear to be that of an outlaw. Not only are you insulting McCarthy's achievements by this clever device, but you are insulting the accomplishments of such men as Jenner, Mundt, and Velde; and you are minimizing, if not ignoring, the fine work that Nixon did *on a committee* to expose Alger Hiss. Whatever the purpose of the Administration in encouraging dotards like Flanders to synchronize his assaults on McCarthy with the charges brought against him in an outburst of wounded vanity by Robert Stevens (who, please note, did not hesitate to invoke Democrat aid in splitting the Republican

Party), you are alienating a large group of voters — Republicans and former Democrats — whose support you cannot afford to lose.

I beg you to remember that the Republican Administration cannot survive unless it can retain *all* the groups which joined forces to lead it to victory in 1952. The Democrats who left their party because they could not stomach the ADA or the Deals, New or Fair, will have to be salvaged. The Republican seats in Congress will not merely have to be maintained; they should, in fact, be increased. Yet the advisers close to the President — Dewey, Sherman Adams, Lodge, Brownell and Stassen — these narrow and ungenerous advisers have forgotten that it was not the ADA-Democrats who swelled the Republican ranks in 1952, but the conservatives. They forget that Robert Taft, who alone won, and alone deserved, the title, "Mr. Republican," was a conservative; that General MacArthur, valiant casualty of Truman-Acheson intrigue, is a conservative.

THE REPUBLICANS rode to victory on a wave of *national* revulsion from the radicalism and softness towards Communism represented by the ADA and the Fair Deal wing of the Democrat Party. In short, they rode to victory on the conservative, not the radical, vote. When they insult the conservatives out of the party, they will not gain the radicals. They will have surrendered

the citadel to a group that is already committed to (and is gaining control of) the Democrat Party.

Now we stand by and watch the promises of 1952 broken, and the gains of 1952 jettisoned. We know that the word *McCarthyism* was coined by Owen Lattimore, and was first published in the Communist *Daily Worker*. We know that the most virulent use of the epithet that was ever made was on the night when ex-President Truman showed a torrent of abuse on the man and the term to cover up his alibis for promoting Harry Dexter White — alibis which J. Edgar Hoover shattered the next day under oath before a Congressional investigating committee.

We know that McCarthy burned no books, despite the Republican rumor. We know that McCarthy is not a lawless, reckless operator, but that on the contrary, he is a duly appointed investigator, authorized by Congress, with a right of subpoena, to examine and expose those who betray public trust, even those in the Executive branch of Government.

We know that it was Presidential blackouts such as the one most recently issued by the White House that kept traitors like Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White in high administrative posts, despite all that Congressional committees, *operating within the law*, could do to expose them. Was Nixon's action in showing up Alger Hiss not "strictly

legal?" Did it alienate the ADA and the Fair Dealers? Was it to mollify these people that the White House retained the services of a New Deal darling like Philip Young?

Do you think that millions of Americans consider that the Administration permitted McCarthy to have a fair trial in the Army controversy? Do you think that this proceeding on the Executive side, from its inception to its phoney emotional climax produced by Welch's crocodile tears, did not have all the elements of a kangaroo court?

(Was it a coincidence that the Administration, on the one hand, never lifted a finger to reward General MacArthur for having endured the abusive treatment of the Acheson-Truman axis, whose ruinous policies in Asia he heroically resisted at the expense of his command — while on the other, it gave special honors to the New Deal strategist, General Marshall? Was it an impertinence for us to protest that Secretary Stevens was solicitous of the dignity of General Zwicker, under whose command Major Peress was honorably discharged; but that he treated General Lawton slightly, who made such a valiant effort to rid Fort Monmouth of its security risks? Did that same Secretary of the Army pledge his word to the West Point graduates that *their* honor and dignity would always be "precious" to him while he was making it so evident to twenty million viewers that not even the

privacy of a private was sacred to him, as he ruthlessly bandied his name and private affairs around the caucus room day after day without being able to cite an offense worthy of an official charge or an official trial?)

MR. HALL, I pounded the pavements in a traditionally Democrat, Southern city in which the two daily papers fought the Republican Party all the way down the ADA line. By ringing doorbells and telephones, one by one, I helped to deliver my precinct and my ward to Eisenhower. Along with thousands of other earnest Republican workers, I had hopes of helping to stir up a two-party system in Georgia.

If I had known, and if thousands like me had known that the Fair Deal policies, ruinous to the dignity and safety of this country, and insulting to the intelligence of its people, were to be adopted by the Republican Fair Dealers *after* these policies had been overwhelmingly rejected at the polls in 1952; if we had suspected that brilliant and devoted Americans like MacArthur, Bricker, Jenner and McCarthy would be ignored, hamstrung, or lynched politically, and that Clarence Manion, an ornament to any administration, would be given a typical Sherman Adams booting from the White House — do you think that we would have worked to entrench this group in positions where they could belittle or refuse the services

of these Americans to the Republican Party?

IF THE American people rejected New Deal softness toward Russia and Alger Hiss in 1952 at the polls, do you think that they can be made *now* to respect Mr. Stassen's phoney argument in support of our allies' trade with the enemy? Do you think that they will swallow down Philip Young's plan to pension Alger Hiss? Cannot this administration make enough mistakes of its own without adopting the *proven* mistakes of the last administration? Can it expect other than the same fate if it cannot interpret the will of its people any more accurately?

When those of us who revered Robert Taft lost our battle, we tried to bear our defeat with as good grace as Taft himself had borne the knife that was stuck in his back by his "friends." We gathered together under his leadership to support the Republican Administration. *Was it too much for us to ask the Republican Administration in turn to support Republicans?*

Is it too much now to ask the White House advisers who have seized the power of the purge to remember that the will of the American people resides in its *elected*, not its appointed officials? Do any of these White House appointees consider themselves to be in a position closer to the grass-roots sentiment of the American people than any *elected* Senator, say, Bricker or

McCarthy? Does Mr. Lodge forget that he was rejected in the last Senatorial election? Does Mr. Stassen remember that he has failed in every bid for the Presidential nomination? Does Mr. Dewey think that the American people have forgotten that he and his adviser, Mr. Brownell, led the Republican Party down the road to defeat in two Presidential elections?

If the Administration cannot use all the faithful and loyal elements — especially the *elected* elements — of the Republican Party; if it must crowd to the wall all the conservatives — even the *elected* conservatives; if it must promote public feuds, perform unpopular hatchet-jobs on popular Republican figures, use Star Chamber tactics, adopt repugnant (and rejected) Fair Deal policies, how can it hope that even the personal popularity of Eisenhower can counterbalance the crucial mistakes of his advisers? How long will it be before Republicans start going fishing on election day?

It is time to tell the Administration that the Republican Party must not be a house divided against itself. It must not pull down the pillars of its own temple. If it cannot learn its lesson from the previous *divided* administration's defeat, it will not deserve to survive the next elections. In fact, it will *not* survive them.

Sincerely yours,

LOIS I. NICHOLS
Atlanta, Georgia



Westchester County *Adopts an* Adoption Plan

BY JOSEPHINE CONNOR

THE GIRL was only nineteen and beautiful beyond words. She was too young and too beautiful to die. But she wanted to die. She walked out of her room in the college dormitory, across the campus and into the river that flows so silently past the shore. For a second before the dark waters closed over her she saw all the golden-lighted windows in the little houses on the river's grassy banks. She heard voices calling and the happy laughter of children. In that last instant of life, she knew its value; and she made a desperate effort to save herself, to come back to the world whose cruelty she feared so greatly. With her last ounce of strength she gave one piercing cry.

A door flew open in one of the little houses on the shore, and a man and a woman ran down to the river. A pencil of light flowed out along the shining black surface of the water and found and held the girl's white face in its saving glow. The man plunged into the water. He swam out and caught her by her long blonde hair, turned and came

back with her along the pathway of light to the safety of the shore.

Oddly enough, no one else had heard her cry, only these two, the man and his wife, who now carried her into their house and brought her around.

The woman needed no word from the girl to tell her why she had tried to destroy herself. The revealing fullness of her slender body under its clinging, wet skirt told its own story, the tragic tale as old as time.

"Why couldn't it be me?" the woman cried passionately, her bitter, scalding tears dropping on the girl's cold, wet cheeks. "Why would a girl rather die than have a baby . . . and look at me . . . I'd die gladly if I could have one . . . just for a little while, even."

Her husband turned away. Sorrow was heavy on his face; it bowed his broad shoulders, settled on him like an overwhelming burden.

Here in one room were the principals in a tragedy of Nature's own capricious making — the childless couple yearning for a baby of their

own, and the lonely girl who would soon give birth to an unwanted child. It is a fairly common occurrence, happening far oftener than is realized. With the birthrate of the United States at an all-time high, there is still the problem of the childless home and the homeless child.



COMMUNITIES everywhere are bestirring themselves to fill these two tragic vacuums and prevent the greater tragedies growing out of the ruthless black market in babies born out of wedlock. The enormous and ever-increasing number of so-called illegitimate babies, the growing number of couples who want to adopt children, and the appalling lack of enough adoption agencies to handle the situation combine to create a problem currently engaging the attention of individuals, community groups, public and private welfare agencies and authorities all over the country.

One such community is in New York's prosperous and beautiful Westchester County, one of the richest counties in the country and, happily, one of the most enlightened and civic-minded. Westchester adjoins New York City and many of its commuting residents are in the top ranks of industry and the professions. It has a large rural population, too, on the farms and in the hills along its northern and eastern

borders; and a growing population of young couples in the housing developments which have sprung up in the county in the past eight or nine years. Many of these young husbands work in the suburban branches of established or new businesses in Westchester's cities and towns.

Four years ago the inadequacy of adoption services, a problem which had been troubling Westchester residents for years, became acute. The county was dependent on the private welfare agencies of New York City and those agencies were themselves facing tremendous demands from their own areas, demands which could not be fully met and were increasing all the time. Then, suddenly, two of these outside agencies were forced to withdraw or so limit their Westchester service that something had to be done. It was then that the organized action of several groups produced an objective study and investigation by the Child Welfare League of America.

The League's investigation fully confirmed earlier findings. It noted that fifty per cent of Westchester children needing adoption home had to wait for a family beyond any reasonable period of time. Other facts turned up led to the conclusion that there were no facilities in all the 435 square miles of Westchester territory to handle the child placement problems that directly or indirectly affect the county's 625,000 population.

So shocked was the community that a committee of prominent citizens was set up at once. This committee met regularly for more than a year, formulating plans to raise funds and set up an adoption agency that would meet Westchester's needs and become the model for other counties in other states.



LAST SPRING, at a public gathering of citizens held in the county seat, White Plains, the committee presented all its findings, as well as its recommendations for financing, organizing and staffing a model adoption agency. The people approved; the committee was in business.

Thus came into being a new social welfare venture. Probably no community welfare project was ever conceived with more foresight and careful planning, or with more unanimity on the part of laymen, welfare executives, doctors and other professional, social and business leaders.

The venture was incorporated in New York State as the Adoption Service Fund of Westchester, Inc., with the proviso that the word "fund" would be dropped from the name as soon as sufficient money was in hand to start operations. Then the fund raising began.

The drive had been so well planned, the education of the community in the whole subject so thorough, the initial response so generous, that sponsors and workers are

confident this autumn's last big push will put them well ahead of their goal.

The agency will concern itself only with its own residents. It will accept for placement children born in the county, or children whose natural mothers are residents; and it will place children with couples who are also residents. This will not be a hard and fast rule, but it will represent general policy except in unusual cases, and here the best interests of the child will take precedence. The agency will be non-sectarian and inter-racial, but this will not in any sense disregard the religious background or racial inheritance of the child in placing it.

Just as it is believed that its financing, organizational structure and aims will encourage other counties in the United States to follow their example, so is another aspect of this Westchester community enterprise worth watching. Westchester chose to set up a county agency to meet its needs. The fact that it is a county agency, limited by its geographical boundaries, may prove a blessing.

The plans were drawn to cover existing county needs and those that will arise over a period of foreseeable, predictable growth. This means that there will be no big surprises in the way of needs that cannot easily be met, and that time and money will be available for research and public education. Additional care and study can be given to operating procedures and techniques of adop-

tion. It is in this area that the Westchester agency may well develop new and improved methods which will safely speed up the adoption process.



THE CARE with which all needs are met by properly authorized adoption agencies today, the welfare of the child, the adoptive parents and the natural mother, is a prime factor in the oft-times misunderstood delay in placing children. It is not enough for childless couples to be impatiently eager to adopt babies, nor for a bewildered and frightened young girl facing motherhood alone to be willing to give up her baby. The intensity of feeling of these unhappy ones is often exploited by unscrupulous men and women whose sole motive is profit.

If this black market in babies is to be destroyed, it is important that some way be found to shorten the long adoptive process. No one denies that the waiting period between the first move of adoptive parents and the realization of their dream — the court order that makes the child legally theirs, forever — is a long one. Most persons agree that it is also unavoidable, as matters stand today.

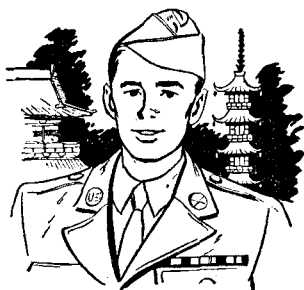
The kind of parents and home the authorized agency's child will go to must be painstakingly investigated, and the child "matched" to its prospective parents as perfectly as

possible in order to insure his normal, healthy development. The "boarding home" where the baby lives while his permanent home is being investigated is not chosen on a hit-or-miss basis, either. And the fate and future of the young mother, her rehabilitation so that she will become a self-respecting human being instead of an embittered "case," must be of prime concern.

In recent years, seeking help from a social agency has become a perfectly respectable thing to do; and the popularity of adoption has undoubtedly encouraged unwed mothers to use the adoption and welfare agencies more than formerly. Most of the innocent fruits of these unconventional matings are, therefore, getting a better break these days than in earlier times when they were usually shunted into orphanages or placed in homes where they were regarded merely as economic assets, little drudges forced to earn their keep with no return in love or even decent treatment.

But there are still unscrupulous men and women who prey on the fears and helplessness of unmarried mothers, and exploit the aching loneliness of childless couples. These — to repeat — are the flesh racketeers, who buy and sell babies in a black market which can be wiped out only by the action of counties and communities all over the United States following the enlightened example set by Westchester County and its Adoption Service.


 **944** 
forgotten



American Soldiers

BY DAVID KEYSER

LOST in the Korean repatriation shuffle of Little Switch and Big Switch were 944 Americans who were captured by the Communists but never accounted for. These 944 are separate from the 6,113 American soldiers who were victims of Red death marches, bamboo spearing, incineration, hammer bludgeoning, live burials and other atrocities. These 6,113 are now relieved of their misery, but the 944 may still be suffering, since they were alive and in the hands of the Communists at some time before the repatriation ritual began a year ago.

In addition to the 944 Americans, there were also 2,410 South Koreans, 19 Britons, and a sprinkling of Australians, South Africans, Belgians, Colombians and Turks withheld by the Communists, contrary to the terms of the Armistice Agreement

which read: "Both sides agree to hand over all those remaining prisoners of war who are not directly repatriated to the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission."

Traditionally our American government has seriously regarded its obligation to protect its citizens wherever they may be in the world. We fought the War of 1812 to prevent American seamen from being impressed into the British Navy. In 1904, we threatened Morocco in the strongest language in order to secure the release of a single American citizen, one Jon Perdicaris, who had been abducted by the bandit Rasuli near Tangier. This incident prompted the famous "Perdicaris alive or Rasuli dead" message of Secretary of State Hay.

The lack of certainty of the fate of these missing American soldiers

no doubt causes us to hesitate in taking positive action. But it should not justify the do-nothing position which apparently obtains today. Our soldiers were drafted and shipped to Korea to fight, not of their free will, but because the government deemed it necessary to protect their fellow citizens. Certainly we have a greater obligation to these men who fought for us than to the American merchant seamen and Perdicaris who placed themselves in positions of danger outside the United States of their own volition. But except for vigorous but ineffective protests by a few stalwart generals in Korea, little has been said or done.

On September 9, 1953, Major General Blackshear M. Bryan, senior Allied armistice commissioner, submitted to the Reds a roster of 3,404 UN personnel known to be in Red hands, and demanded an accounting. This list included the 944 Americans. "We expect prompt action," General Bryan declared. "The Communists have got to give an accounting of them — or else." To date: no accounting and no "else."

ON SEPTEMBER 22, the Red General Lee Sang Cho, chief Communist armistice delegate, said that 519 of the 3,404 had already been returned to the UN side and 380 had previously been reported as "released at the front, escaped, or dead." Of the remaining 2,505, Lee said some had refused repatriation but most had never been captured.

General Bryan replied that Lee's statements were "totally unsatisfactory and unacceptable." Three days later, General Mark W. Clark, UN commander, demanded that the missing POW's be either immediately returned or accounted for. General Clark, in his letter to the Communists, said:

"This list, as you know, did not constitute the names of personnel merely missing in action — it was comprised of those persons who spoke over your radio or were referred to in your broadcasts, were listed by you as being captured, wrote letters from your prison camps or were seen in your prisons."

On December 7, Major General J. K. Lacey, U.S. representative on the Joint Military Armistice Commission, accused the Communists of lying when they said all Allied war prisoners had been released or turned over to the NNRC. On January 10, 1954, General Lacey asked the NNRC to send an inspection team behind the Communists' lines to verify charges that the Reds had retained Allied POW's.

Since this last burst of protest by General Lacey, all hands in Defense, State and White House have lapsed into a coma of silence.

Except for 19 Marines and 2 Navy men, all of the missing U.S. personnel are Army and Air Force. At the time of the truce, 90 of these (all Army) were carried on the rosters as "Captured." The balance (312 Air Force and 528 Army) were

carried as "Missing" or "Missing in Action."

Subsequently, in accordance with the law, the military services have been reclassifying the status of these men, so that at the beginning of May, 1954, none was carried as captured and only 32 were still classified as missing. A "Report of Death" has been entered for 278 Army and 114 Air Force; a "Finding of Death" for 308 Army and 172 Air Force.

A Report of Death is made in those instances where there is evidence to indicate that a person is dead. Under the law, anytime after twelve months' absence a Finding of Death is *authorized*; and is *required* after twelve months "whenever information received, or a lapse of time without information, shall be deemed to establish a reasonable presumption that any person in a missing or other status is no longer alive."

The Public Law under which a Finding of Death of a missing soldier is required or authorized deals with pay, allowances and allotments of members of the armed forces. Its apparent purpose is to fix cut-off dates for pay, allowances, etc. to standardize administrative practice. In actual fact, then, these 480 men for which a Finding of Death has been made may be either dead or alive. There is no evidence that they are still alive; on the other hand, there is no evidence that they are dead, except the silence.

But it is well known that the Reds

have habitually retained POW's after hostilities have ceased. After World War II, thousands of Germans and Japs were retained. Some were released six and seven years after the war; many more may still be in Red hands.

Also, Reds are known to be holding 5,300 American civilians who are trying to get back to the U.S. There are 16,000 other persons in Red countries with some claim to U.S. citizenship who have appealed to the U.S. to help them get out.

It is also well known that the Reds often accuse their foes of the crimes they are committing; at Panmunjom the Reds accused the UN of holding their soldiers as hostages.

ALARMS have been sounded recently about the serious drop-off in enlistments in our armed forces. The Navy League recently stated that 70 per cent of the Navy enlisted men leave the service after one enlistment. Another news report showed that West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen are quitting in increasing numbers before their first year is out.

While it is difficult to assess the precise reasons for the decreasing attractiveness of an Army or Navy career, one factor could be the apparent failure of the government to speed to the rescue of those men who, after bearing the heat of battle in behalf of their countrymen, have been unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the enemy.

Not to be overlooked is the fact that more than 3,700 other American boys had to languish in Communist prisons for two full years after the cessation of hostilities, while the negotiators went through their minuet at Panmunjom. It should then be fair to ask: Is the soldierly duty to country being properly reciprocated by the country's duty to the soldier?

The American hostages also provide the Communists with an excellent and safe litmus test of American feeling. As long as we acquiesce in the retention of these Americans by the Reds, the Reds can feel secure that their aggressive actions can go on unchallenged despite our saber-rattling and mouthings of anti-Communist sentiment. The Reds must have been confident that we would surely not fight to save the Vietnamese if we won't even fight to save our own American soldiers.

If we take strong measures to force them to disgorge their captives, they can easily soothe our indignation by releasing them forthwith.

TO DATE, only Senator Joe McCarthy and retired Army Cap-

tain Eugene R. Guild of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, have raised a strong voice in behalf of some definite action to rescue these men. McCarthy urges that we not send one dime of aid to our "allies" as long as they continue trading with Red China while American boys remain captives.

Captain Guild has formed the Fighting Homefolks of Fighting Men to stir up action. Guild has rounded up signed petitions from more than 300 relatives of the missing POW's. The petitions ask President Eisenhower to take immediate and resolute action to save their relatives' lives, contending that it will not be necessary to resume the war to liberate these men, that once the Reds are convinced that we are willing to fight for the release of these men if necessary, the Reds will release them.

This question from the petitions could well be pondered: "Are not the lives of our boys who fought for America as sacred as our lives at home?"

If we place all the burden of protecting the many on the few, there may some day be no few left to protect the many.

THE UNTOLD STORY OF DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

By Frazier Hunt • "The great Douglas MacArthur has literally 'returned' in the pages of Frazier Hunt's great book. Patriots whose blood has a low boiling point should read it cautiously, but no patriot should miss it." — CLARENCE MANION, Former Dean of Notre Dame Law School.

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Letters to the Editor

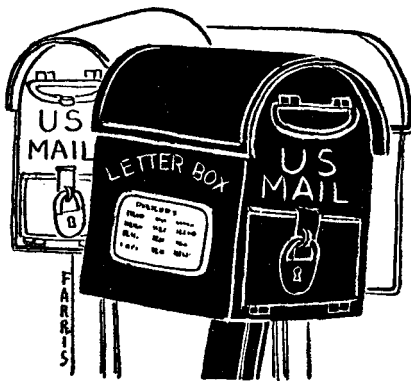
» I wish to congratulate you on a fine, factual magazine. I'm glad that we Americans have the privilege of reading such a great magazine.

There is one article in the August edition, however, that I do not entirely agree with. It is, "Shall We Lower the Voting Age to 18?" Personally, I see nothing wrong in what the author said about the voting age. It was how he ran down the teen-agers that got me. I am 17 years of age and I am not a careless driver or a speed demon, nor are my friends that live in my town. I will admit that an 18-year-old doesn't know anything about politics, to vote. But he certainly has more sense than Mr. Lyon gave us credit for having, and we are learning more all the time. Still, Mr. Lyon has some very interesting points and I as a teen-ager respect them.

Thank you for the time I have taken, and keep up the good work and maybe some of those knuckle-heads will see the light. If they don't, I'm afraid the U. S. doesn't have much of a chance.

NOLAN WELLS
Clifton, Texas

» I would like to compliment your magazine for its excellent presentation of articles covering various fields of Americanism, and especially those articles by John Flynn and Dr. J. B. Matthews covering Communist activities in our country.



I have found the articles very helpful in preparing talks on Americanism, and as long as the *MERCURY* continues with such top-notch articles, I will be a subscriber.

R. A. FRANCIS, *Chairman*
Americanism Commission
The American Legion
St. Petersburg, Florida

» I have just seen your book for the first time . . . I am overwhelmed to find under one cover a galaxy of superb, truly American writers.

IDA M. CASH
Cohasset, Massachusetts

» The *AMERICAN MERCURY* has earned a reputation as a reasonable and purposeful magazine. But after reading James Andrew Mayer's "Promotion and Pay — Air Force Style" I failed to find reason or purpose. I am disap-

pointed. What did the author try to put across to the reader? That the Air Force gushes with overabundant, unearned rank?

The older military services still cling hopelessly to the idea of promotion by seniority. In the last analysis, which is more important — seniority or ability? Ability, of course. The Air Force knows this.

Three cheers and bully for the Air Force!

JOHN BAMBRICK
Santa Monica, California

» I am just finishing reading my first copy of the AMERICAN MERCURY . . . This hard-hitting publication should be available to everyone; it is surely an eye-opener. Your articles against Communism are an inspiration, so keep up the good work. This is the information Mr. & Mrs. America are looking for, and not finding.

FAY FOX, JR.
Petaluma, California

» Please send me a subscription blank for your magazine. We who believe in fair play and who are anti-Communists, as well as anti-eggheads, should support the MERCURY.

I have cancelled my subscription to [name withheld] and am applying for a subscription to your magazine because I want to read factual material instead of the results of double-domed thinking.

LEON E. MCCARTHY
Ansonia, Connecticut

» I just can't miss one issue of the MERCURY! It's fine!

PAULINE PITTINGER
Columbia, Missouri

» First, thank you and thank God for your fearless and forthright magazine! Without it we would be without the light of truth in our fight against confusion and subversion.

J. M. Martinez complains that you do not differentiate between "liberals" and "Communists." In the experience of this writer, the term "liberal" has been assumed as a camouflage for some of the most dangerous crypto-Communists in the country. These "liberals" fight every attempt to expose Communists; they attack, smear and vilify any Government committee or individual who effectively identifies and cross-questions Communists; they cry "Fascist," "anti-Semite," "reactionary," and "stool pigeon" whenever and wherever Communists are exposed. They fight anti-Communists and anti-Communist legislation with bitter tenacity; they support movements which attempt to destroy our Constitution and with it our national sovereignty . . .

These are the "liberals." Is it any wonder they are mistaken (?) for Communists? How stupid does J. M. Martinez think Americans are?

J. H. HILL
Los Angeles, California

SMALL CHANGE DEPT.

» After Mencken, the best MERCURY magazine was edited by Angoff, in my opinion. And that means to date.

Have just read the May number of your magazine. It reminds me of the former *Scribner's Commentator*. However, it was well worth the nickel I paid for it at a second-hand bookshop. To conclude, "Long Live Lord Varney!"

LEE ASHE
Detroit, Michigan

NIGHT IN HELL

By Robert Wagner

HELL's main street, according to legend, is the River Styx. In Manhattan is another Styx . . . the Bowery. Every night under the gritty steel girders of the 3rd Avenue El, lost souls stagger, writhe, moan, crawl over the cobblestone, through sour dives, like the squashed cigarettes and the crumpled newspapers that are driven by the wind, or kicked by the aimless thrust of a rotten shoe. I wanted to know what Hell was like so I went to the Bowery.

It was a curious sensation walking through the dark among zombies. I could tell when I looked into the eyes of those broken creatures lining the street that they were dead men. Their eyes were gristly things tangled in nets of blood vessels. They were like dolls' eyes. They rolled slowly from side to side with movements of the head, the irises looking as if they had been cleverly superimposed in water color.

I saw a cluster of them huddled on a corner counting the coins in

one another's outstretched hands. Some of the hands were calloused, others soft. All of them somehow suggested the texture of shabby old paper bags worn into millions of creases.

The cluster broke up with my approach. A spokesman approached me and said, "We need nuther dime for a bottle . . . bottle of wine. Whyantcha come in with us?" I gave him a dime. He started to walk back to his friends, then turned. "Sure you don't wanta come in with us?" He didn't wait for an answer but moved on again quickly.

I walked around the corner and saw a figure with arms and face pressed to a brick building. He writhed convulsively. There were soft moans as his head moved in circles and his arms threshed wildly. It was as if some invisible form were attacking him and he was trying furiously to shake it off. The corners were broken from the bricks under his arms and face and some of the plaster between them had powdered

and it rubbed off on his hands and the sleeves of his soiled jacket.

He was standing on a twisted coat hanger. A jerky kick with his foot struck a pasteboard box and a cockroach scurried out, sped under an upturned end of the coat hanger and disappeared under a crumpled garbage can.

SHRILL cries came now from the saloon. Inside I could see a man sprawled out on the floor, kicking savagely at the big saloon keeper who was trying to throw him out the door. The blows glanced off the latter's massive frame as if they were no more than the patter of a baby's feet.



A couple of blocks from here I came upon a kind of village assembly of Bowery citizens. The musty forms were gathered outside a popular saloon. Some of them leaned against the window of the saloon. Others were sprawled out in an adjacent doorway leading up to a flop house. Most shambled about negotiating for drinks. All of them had glazed eyes and parchment features.

Nevertheless, the saloon keeper roared angrily, seized the troublemaker by the collar, dragged him — still kicking — over the sawdust-covered floor, and pushed him out the door to the pavement.

The ousted recalcitrant lay there for a moment without moving. The door was flung open again. "Here's your wallet!" and a greasy packet came sailing down at his side. Like

jackals, two onlookers scrambled for it. But with a fierce shout the man came to life and scooped it into his pocket. The sudden glint in the eyes of the two thieves died. They asked the prostrate man to buy them a drink. He refused, and resignedly they lumbered off.

I walked into the saloon. It smelled sour. Figures were slumped over the bar and around some long tables in the rear. There were a few palm trees and a patch of ocean painted on the wall. A black cat slinked across the floor. And an old man, squatted in a chair in a corner, picked up a piece of rye bread from the floor. He blew off the sawdust and took a bite.

At the bar I had a beer and struck up a conversation with my neighbor. I shook his hand and it felt like a dead fish. He told me about a friend of his who was an engineer. "And me? Well, ten cups of coffee, a pack of cigarettes, and I'm ready to start a day."

On my other side was a black-haired woman; somewhat the worse for wear. The men called her "Rosie." She was very short, wore a grimy blue skirt, and a man's suitcoat frayed to the texture of burlap. Nicely molded features were defaced by smears of lipstick, two black eyes, and a veneer of dirt. Her skinny legs looked as if she had walked bare-legged through a dust storm.

A genial-looking lout smoking a pipe put his arm on her shoulder.

She swiftly swung around and swatted the pipe out of his mouth. It flew into the street. He shambled over to the door and picked it up.

BY now it was getting late so I left, after deciding to check in at the flop house next door.

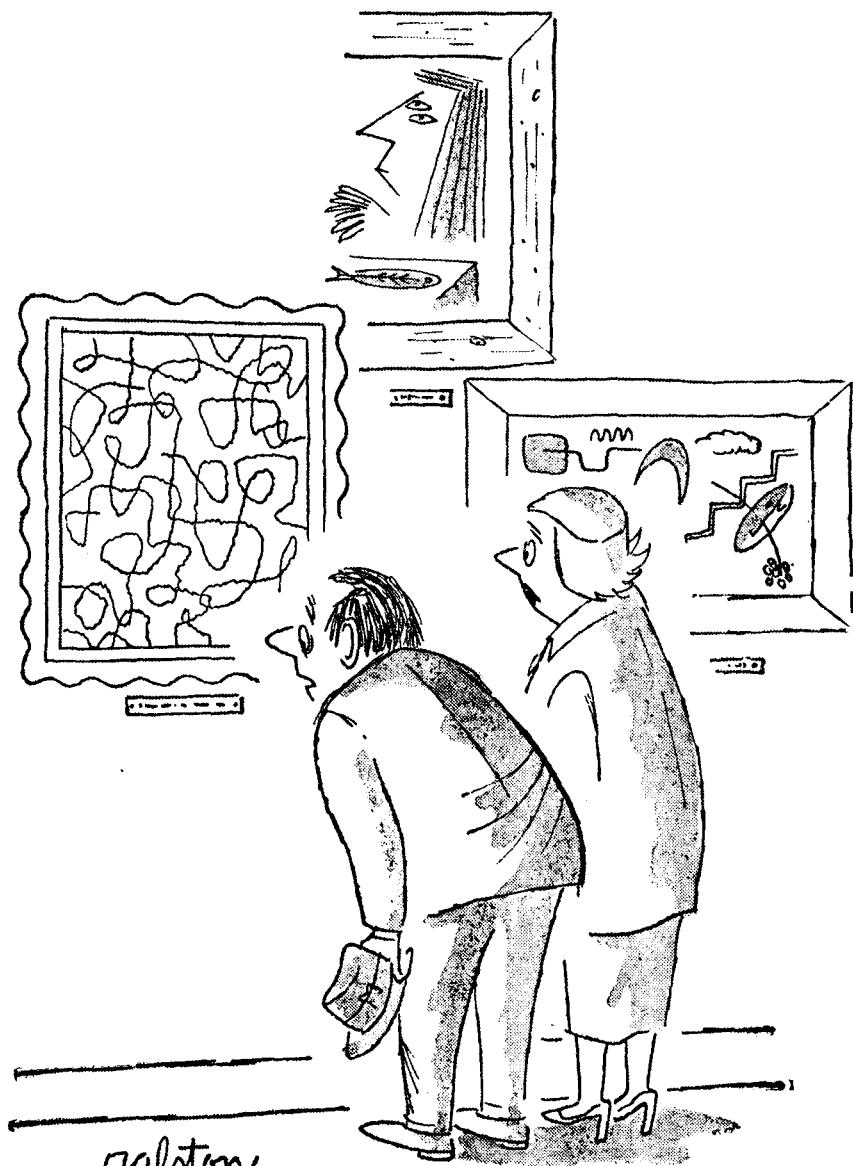
The stairs leading up to the flop house were neatly tiled. At the top there was a small cage and a clerk with big veins popping out all over his nose. The atmosphere was suddenly very musty and the clean tile gave way to yellowed walls. I gave the clerk 50 cents and went in.

My cubicle was about 5 by 7½ feet, was open at the top, and was complete with a light bulb, a small locker, and a cot. The last had a lumpy mattress, slightly soiled linen, and a frayed blanket.

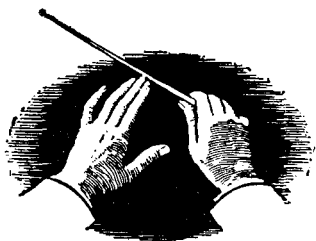
Early next morning when I left the flop house the stairs were strewn with slumbering shapes. At the entrance a man walked up to me and asked for a handout. His breath reeked of sour wine.

"You think I'm drunk, don't you? I'm not; I'm sick." The man's eyes looked like twin marbles as they stared at me from the deep caves under the brow of his skull. Oily tears rilled down the leather furrows in his face. He stumbled off, still whimpering.

Once I looked back, but I didn't see him again. I heard the scream of a cat and the clatter of a garbage can cover. It was just turning light as I left the Bowery.



"It's called, 'I Can't Even Draw a Straight Line'"



SOUND ON DISC

IT'S HARDLY an original observation to suggest that Mozart's piano concertos are the height of his musical achievement. He himself was a keyboard man, if I may put it so vulgarly, and poured his richest introspection into those works which reflected the poetry of his fingertips. Particularly in the case of the later ones, the piano concertos continue to wear well long after the symphonies begin to have a too-familiar ring.

Mozart's last concerto, the *Concerto in B-Flat Major* (K. 595), is perhaps his greatest — touched with intimations of immortality, calm and sad, full of the vision of the bone. It has been recorded with wonderful fidelity by Vox (PL 8710) in a performance by the young Viennese pianist, Ingrid Haebler, and the Pro Musica Symphony of Vienna, Heinrich Hollreiser conducting. Miss Haebler plays a clean and penetrating Mozart, never letting the sadness of the music carry her away or intruding her own per-

sonality on the composer's statement — yet never characterless. This is one of the season's truly fine recordings.

Let me confess that when I put the new Vox recording of Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture* on the table, I said ho-hum. But this performance by Jonel Perlea and the Vienna State Philharmonia is one for the books. It has everything—including the cannon shots and the Kremlin church bells — and it really moves. The tired old war horse suddenly takes on new life, and rousing life at that. It was delightful to hear and made me suspect that I had been misjudging that old Tchaikovsky. As sheer *tour de force*, you will like this (PL 8700).

The business of "music appreciation" being what it is, Remington's series of music *plus* is considerably less painful than I had anticipated. For your information, the series is made up of popular symphonic works followed by Sigmund Spaeth's comments. The comments don't tell

you too much about the music, but they do set it in context and pull out the basic themes — which is all that “music appreciation” can do. Spaeth is pleasant and unpretentious about it, and the music is very well performed and recorded. I have heard Mozart’s *Haffner Symphony*, Richard Strauss’s *Don Juan*, and Mendelssohn’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* in the series — but there are many, many more. Remington, incidentally, sells its records at prices considerably below those of most other companies — and the product steadily improves.

ON THE light side, George Feyer has added a new album to his Echoes series: *Echoes of Latin America*. He has taken a bunch of the standards — Latin tunes like *El Choclo*, *Siboney*, *Malaguena*, *The Peanut Vender* — and given them a sprightly, Continental flavor. As I have pointed out, Feyer has a pleasant cocktail lounge touch which makes for easy listening (Vox 670).

And here is a check list of popular albums, all issued by Capitol, which range from excellent to mediocre:

Ray Anthony: TV’s Top Tunes.

Some of the season’s top tunes (*If You Love Me*, *Little Things Mean A Lot*, etc.) given the sumptuous Anthony treatment. The vocalists are good, too.

Frank Sinatra: Swing Easy. De-

spite his new thespian career, Frank can still sing. He gives a once-over-lightly to *Taking a Chance on Love*, *All of Me*, *Get Happy*, and five other oldies. Definitely for the fans.

Paul Smith: Liquid Sounds. Here are some highly pleasing, sprightly, and often unusual arrangements of *Thou Swell*, *My Heart Stood Still*, *Blue Room*, etc. by a talented musician. Very much on the plus side.

Ella Mae Morse: Barrelhouse, Boogie, and The Blues. If you like that cascading boogie beat, then Ella Mae and Big Dave’s Orchestra should give you a lift. I find it a little raucous, with too much of a same-ness.

Joe “Fingers” Carr: Fireman’s Ball. This is present-day ragtime, somewhat over-arranged, with Carr’s nickelodeon piano dominant. The tunes are close harmony specials — *You Are My Sunshine*, *Red Wing*, *Nobody’s Sweetheart*, etc.

Dorothy Shay: Broadway Ditties. One-mood Shay used to call herself the Park Avenue Hillbilly. She has taken this style to Broadway, and what she does to Frank Loesser’s *Take Back Your Mink* (from “Guys and Dolls”) borders on the horrible.

Betty Hutton: Satins and Spurs. This is a TV musical comedy put on vinylite. It’s about cowgirls and city slickers, the music and lyrics are pleasant, but it ain’t going to set the world on fire.

R. DE T.



A Day at the ZOO

By Harry T. Brundidge

IT WAS burning hot on the African Plains. Phil, well past middle age, wiped the sweatband of his kepi, turned to his wife, Martha, and whispered: "I'm all set — give me a folder." Three lions stood on a rocky ledge majestically surveying their kingdom. A herd of graceful antelope were at the water-hole. The visual effect was that lions and antelopes were mingling, and it was this that Phil wanted to record. He turned to his wife and said: "Martha — I got it!"

Then came the background music: the distant trumpeting of elephants, the barking of seals, the clicking of nearby cameras and the star-spangled sounds of crunching peanuts, popcorn and Bronx cheers. For the African Plains are in the 252-acre New York Zoological Garden, commonly called the

"Bronx Zoo" — the largest in the world.

Phil and Martha were almost apologetic.

"Phil loves to photograph wild animals," Martha began. "All our lives — thirty-five years of being married, we —"

The husband interrupted.

"We always wanted to go on safari, we wanted to travel around the world to photograph animals and reptiles, but we just never got enough money to do it. So we find realization of our anticipa-

tion here, and perhaps it's better this way. Check the alphabet some day and you'll learn the Zoo has everything from A to Z — from aardvarks to zebras. I was talking about this to a friend one day and he picked up and scanned a Webster, then exclaimed: 'What about the



letter X?' Martha laughed that one off and answered: 'The *Xenopus* Frog from South Africa. The Zoo has them.'

On the day this was written, a man passed through the turnstiles just before the gates were closed. He was the 116,461,310th visitor since the Zoo was opened on November 8, 1899. The Zoo belongs to the people. There is no admission charge. New York City taxpayers pick up the checks for all expenses, including the food bill, which has grown from a few hundred dollars a year, back in the old days, to an estimated \$83,900 for 1954, for some 3,000 specimens of fish, fowl, mammals and reptiles.

MENUS include some 150 varieties of choice morsels such as American Beauty roses, snails, snakes, crayfish, frogs, meal worms, earth worms, horse meat, whale meat, fish, hay, grain, eggs, ant-eggs, cod liver oil, imported dried water flies and grasshoppers, live grasshoppers, spiders, roaches, fresh blood, baby food, condensed milk, honey, bamboo shoots, every known vegetable and fruit — including wild cherries and elderberries.

"What about those American Beauty roses on the menu?"

Dr. Robert M. McClung, curator of birds and mammals smiled. "We had (and now have) a thriving colony of umbrella ants. They love red roses, particularly American Beauties. But not so long ago an auditor

in the business office telephoned to demand an explanation of the items about the roses, asking for whom they were ordered.

"'For the umbrella ants,' he was told.

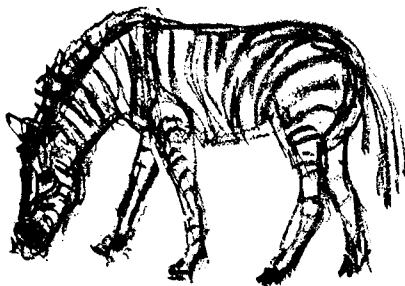
"'For ants? What the . . . ? There are thousands of ants around my Long Island home and they thrive on grapefruit peel.'

"'But these particular ants —'

"'Try 'em on grapefruit peel.'

"We tried the new diet. Most of the ants died. So they now get the American Beauties and the colony is thriving."

If you think the lions and tigers have big appetites, eating ten to twelve pounds of horse meat and bones each day, then consider the elephants. Elephants, if given the opportunity, are very wasteful with food, and having gotten their fill, will wallow in the left-overs, and toss them over their backs. So they are fed at intervals throughout the day, between visitor handouts of peanuts, popcorn, cigarette and cigar butts (they love tobacco). The average daily intake of an elephant

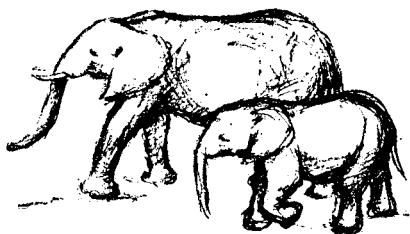


is: 125 pounds of hay, 20 quarts of grain, 15 to 20 loaves of stale bread and a water bucket of fresh vegetables.

While elephants are gormandizers, kangaroos are gourmets and will devote four hours to a luncheon of carrots, beets, apples, crushed oats and rye bread. A kinkajou will yum-yum over his fruit salad, picking out and eating the grapes before tasting other fruits. Raccoons are so particular they wash every bite of food before sampling, and chimpanzees will dip any hard food, such as rye crisp, into their drinking fountain to soften it.

Humming birds buzz over a mixture of baby food, condensed milk and honey, and vampire bats demand fresh blood, which is delivered by a packing house. A rare, giant one-horned chameleon (the only one in captivity) who dieted on small birds and insects in his native Africa has been taught to eat horseburgers. On the other hand, Janet, the 29-foot anaconda, spurns food and has to be force-fed with frozen pigeons. But the prize epicurean is Edna, a tiny *Dipsas* snake from Colombia, believed to be the only one in captivity in the United States. Edna will eat *only* live, imported snails.

BUT of all the ravenous free-loaders at the Zoo, that romantic pair of Platypuses, Cecil and Penelope (and much more about them later on), lead the list. Cecil, fur, duckbill and all, hits the scales at a trifle



under three and a half pounds. His wife, Penelope, (if wet) weighs half that. But between them they nightly devour two pounds of earth worms — some 1,516 good baits for bass and bluegills. This is topped off with a couple of handfuls of crayfish and some chopped hardboiled eggs. If Penelope ever gets *that way* (and all hands at the Zoo are hoping Cecil will prove his manhood) and lays an egg or two, she will nightly eat twice that amount of food to provide milk for her egg-born sucklings.

There's a lot more to feeding than meets the eye. There is, among others, the around-the-calendar problem of caring for babies abandoned by their mothers, and delinquent mothers include just about every beast in the animal kingdom. In litters of the "big cats," there frequently is a poor little guy who is crowded out of a spot in mama's lunch department.

Most of these orphans are taken home by keepers whose wives "baby" and hand-feed them. A tiny Wanderoo monkey, whose mother knew nothing of babies and cared less, was reared by a nurse in the Zoo hospital

who took him home with her every night on the subway. Attendants in the Primate House assert the Wanderoo, before being graduated into the House, knew all the stops on the Lexington Avenue subway.

Then there is the added problem of feeding baby specimens sent to the Zoo by well-wishers from all parts of the globe — harbor seals, bald eagles without plumage, suckling monkeys. Instructing baby monkeys in the use of a nipple and a bottle of milk isn't much of a job, nor is the feeding of bald eaglets — but that harbor seal business was something else. They not only had to be taught to eat fish but instructed in the art of swimming! They are splashing in the big pool now with their elders.

THERE'S at least one other problem in this business of care and feeding. Throughout the long, bright days of spring, men, women and children bring injured birds, rabbits, squirrels — even snakes — found in back yards and along highways. And every spring, following the return of Florida vacationers, the Zoo finds itself hip-deep in young alligators — donated by Florida tourists who have tired of their pets.

Thousands of questions are asked

of keepers every day — questions many of them could not answer. So "Question House" was established, to provide a place where visitors could readily and at first hand obtain answers to questions about animals. The little building is staffed by young men and women who are

well along the way to becoming qualified zoologists. If the question happens to be a "poser" — as many are — the visitor later receives a response by letter. Fairfield Osborn, president of the New York Zoological Society, asserts: "The

great majority of the questions asked are serious and sensible; some are intended to be serious, but are far from sensible." I found some gems in the records, such as:

"Is it true that when a man-eating tiger eats a man it adds another stripe to its coat?"

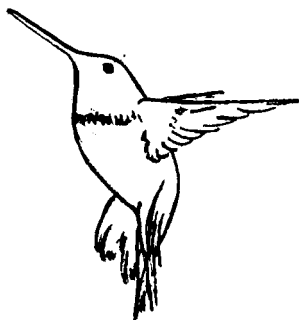
"Are more animals in the world right-handed or left-handed, and if so, why?"

"Why does the spider marry the Black Widow when he knows she is going to kill him?"

"If a pollywog turns into a frog, does a frog turn into anything?"

"Is it true that the giraffe really has a voice but it gets lost on the way up the long neck?"

"How do skunks stand each other?"



Mr. Osborn asked: "Who could ask for better antidotes to gloom in these parlous times of political and social tensions? There is still plenty of gaiety in life even if one has to go to the Zoo to find it."

Kids ask the most amazing questions, such as:

"Can a crocodile kill a Bengal tiger in shallow water? In deep water? On land?"

"Is a tiger's growl as powerful as a lion's?"

"Has India got as many kinds of animals and birds as Africa?"

"When will the jungle in India be cut down?"

"Does Africa have ticks?"

"Which of the types of tigers have the most muscles and the best builds?"

One of the most frequent questions asked is, "What is the most intelligent animal in the Zoo?" Mr. Osborn will tell you it is a difficult question to answer. "Any animal is sufficiently intelligent for its own purpose in its own sphere, else it would not exist. But a Zoo can seldom produce all the conditions of wild life for each, and animals have to make certain adjustments."

CONSIDER the case of the Panda born in the San Diego Zoo and transplanted to the Bronx. It knew only the warmth and sunshine of Southern California, although the specie experience was something different, because its parents were born in the high, cold Himalayas in

rugged, northeastern India. But because of its California background, zoo experts doubted it would survive the rigors of a New York winter. This particular animal (it developed) knew nothing about water, but was put in a temporary play-pen with a swimming pool. The first thing it did was to walk right into the water! Disgusted and confused, it got out. Keepers dried it, put it to bed with an electric heater and mothered it. It quickly adjusted itself to the ice and snow — but never again went near the water.

Liz, an apartment-reared duck given to the Zoo, won't go near the water and likes to be walked on her leash.

Demoiselle cranes are imported from the heat of North Africa and quickly adjust themselves to cold weather, but to the dismay of their keepers, refuse to learn they can't walk on thin ice. They fall through to icy baths. Even veterans of many such baths refuse to learn.

Emus are the largest existing birds next to the ostrich. They come from the tropics of Down Under where seasons are the reverse of ours. But when it is time to lay an egg or two, they will lay their eggs in a snow bank. One emu, encountering its first snow storm, promptly buried itself in a snow bank. Frantic keepers, searching for it next morning, found it feeling quite comfortable!

Generations of starlings, and some other birds, ignore freezing rain and will bed down on leafless trees and

fall to earth, their feathers frozen solid.

Almost every visitor asks: "Who is the oldest inhabitant of the Zoo?" Until recently it was a box turtle which exhaustive investigation by Zoo curators had established as at least 129 years old — the oldest animal of any kind alive in the United States. In the process of proving its age, the turtle was shipped by plane to Florida and other places, but finally settled down to a leisurely life in the Reptile House. Maybe it missed the blueberry fields of Rhode Island, where it was found, or perhaps its travels proved too much for it, for it died.

Another turtle took its place as the oldest inmate. It is Teddy, a South American tortoise. Teddy was picked up by T. R. on his "River of Doubt" expedition and given to the Zoo by the former President on March 26, 1914. He was at least ten years old then, and he's been a pet for 40 years. Zoologists believe "Teddy" will be a pet at the Zoo long after they are all dead!

ANOTHER frequent question is: "How do animals compare with humans?" This is a tough one. Since the time of Aristotle, philosophers and scientists have observed and studied animals with the aim of obtaining a better understanding of why man behaves as he does. The study is known as comparative psychology. Such research was begun at the Zoo on a part-time basis in

1947 and has now become a full-time program.

Reactions of numerous beasts and reptiles have been recorded through various methods. John V. Quaranto, Society Research Fellow in Animal Behavior, NYZS, conducted tests to determine the sensitivity of alligators to sound. The effort brought about a roaring response from the alligators if the sounds created were rhythmical. To the sound of the French horn, the alligators came to the edge of the pool and roared appreciation. But "The Bum," a four-foot alligator, wasn't fooled, for "The Bum" had his ears attuned only to the roar of the Third Avenue El and the noises of the Bowery. The story?

One day a little old man, a denizen of the Bowery, arrived at the Zoo with a two-foot alligator hidden



under his coat. "Will you take him?" he asked. "I found him in the gutter a couple of years ago. Kids were stoning him. I sort of adopted him. I managed to feed him and wherever I slept, indoors or out, he slept with me. But he's getting pretty big now and I have to go to the hospital — or someplace — and I want him to have a good home. Just call him 'The Bum.'"

He kissed the 'gator goodbye. Zoo officials never again heard from the donor, but "The Bum," despite his

length and power, is one of the great pets in the Reptile House. He loves to have his belly tickled.

“**L**OUDMOUTH,” the orangutan, delivers the cheer that made the Bronx famous; “Cocky” the cockatoo will say “Goodbye” when he means “Hello”; the electric eels will turn on their lights; the upside down catfish will swim that way; the porcupines will yowl like back fence alley cats; the elephants will beg peanuts — but since 1947, the Great (but futile) Lovers, Cecil and Penelope, have stolen the whole show. This pair of Platypuses — the only pair ever seen in America — likewise have stolen headlines in the newspapers of the world. Only one Platypus had ever been bred and reared in captivity and last year it seemed that one might be hatched and suckled in the Bronx Zoo. How a Platypus can fool its keepers!

The story dates back to April 25, 1947, when David Fleay of the Healesville Sanctuary brought three Platypuses from Australia to the Zoo. The big question then was, “Can Platypuses be kept successfully in America?” The answer was an emphatic “Yes.” Although the smaller of the two females died of pneumonia, Cecil and Penelope have not only flourished, but made love. Penelope, it was discovered, was sneaking out of her burrow in the dark of the night to find Cecil, and immediately thereafter, the courtship began.

Cecil seized Penelope’s tail and towed her in the pool. Then the two would swim slowly in circles. Cecil preened and nuzzled Penelope, who began digging in her burrow, and building a nest of Eucalyptus leaves obtained from the Botanical Garden. Penelope disappeared into her burrow! In an exchange of cables, David Fleay — who had been successful in 1943 in breeding his pair, Jack and Jill, in Australia — assured the Zoo authorities that “everything looks right.”

So the headlines popped — not only in New York, but all around the world:

“Zoo Wonders Is Penelope Mother?”

“Penelope Yields To Cecil’s Charms.”

“Platypus Blessed Event Indicated.”

There was a long period of watchful waiting. Then it finally developed that the only egg laid by Penelope was for William Bridges, curator of publications!

Don’t look now, but as this is written, Cecil is towing Penelope about the pool, by her tail. Her boss, Robert M. McClung, curator of mammals and birds, won’t talk about it. He was bruised last year. But if you ask Platypus Keeper John Blair how Cecil and Penelope can fool him, he will smile and answer: “We don’t know enough about them. But one of these days Penelope is going to have a baby — I mean an egg.”

GOVERNMENT HAS IT FOR SALE

By John L. Kent

Now's the time for all good businessmen to come to the aid of their country — and buy one of the government's surplus industrial plants.

Or perhaps you want to buy a small island complete with a lighthouse. The government has it for sale.

The government needs more tax-paying enterprises. Government-owned plants and property make no profits; pay no taxes. Hence the government is getting rid of them.

The disposal has been going on without fanfare for over a year. It is part of the determination of Congress and the present administration to "get the government out of business" where possible. Industrial-type enterprises of the government are being sold to the highest bidder.

The government is also getting out of the real estate business. Hundreds of pieces of property are up for sale by General Services Administration (GSA), the government's "housekeeping" agency.

The Boston office of GSA, for ex-

ample, wants to sell the Patrick Rock Light Station in Fairfield County, Connecticut, and the Stamford Harbor Light Station, Stamford, Connecticut.

At Portland, Maine, GSA is selling a \$300,000 Federal hospital, including ten buildings and fifteen acres of land. In New Bedford, Massachusetts, the \$160,000 post office building is for sale.

If you want to get into the atomic power business (after Congress permits private industry to get in), you might consider buying the Sacandaga Atomic Power Laboratory at Glenville, New York. The New York GSA office is selling this \$100,000 laboratory, including eighteen buildings and fifty acres of land.

At Charleston, South Carolina, the Atlantic GSA office has for sale the Thomas Island Lighthouse Reservation. GSA places a value of only one thousand dollars on it, although it includes fourteen acres of land. The catch: the land is under water!

A number of military camps are for sale. The Kansas City GSA

office wants to sell Fort Des Moines, for something close to its value — \$6,700,000. This is a former Army post, consisting of 600 acres of land with many permanent and temporary buildings. You can get the roads, sewers, and other utilities, too.

You can buy a complete town from the Kansas City office. It is the Bureau of Reclamation camp at Indianola, Nebraska. It includes 86 homes complete with streets and utilities on 200 acres of land. GSA thinks the town is worth about \$300,000.

THE above enumeration lists high spots of the big items. But every GSA regional office has hundreds of items for sale ranging from surplus office equipment to industrial plants.

Since 1948, GSA has assumed custody of 73 industrial facilities, worth over three quarters of a billion dollars. Disposal is the ultimate object. So far, a half dozen have been sold, about a score leased to private industry, and about 30 transferred to defense agencies, chiefly during the Korean defense buildup. The remainder are in "standby" status, or awaiting sale.

Other agencies of the government want to get rid of surplus industrial property. The Rubber Producing Facilities Disposal Commission is now negotiating for sale of 27 synthetic rubber plants operated since World War II by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (RFC). RFC

is going out of business before the end of this year and the plants are to be sold to private industry.

Justice Department's Office of Alien Property (OAP) is selling a number of plants which came into Uncle Sam's possession during World War II because they were owned by enemy aliens.

Biggest is the one-hundred-million-dollar chemical giant — the General Aniline and Film Corporation and its recently-merged sales subsidiary, the General Dyestuffs Corporation. Last year OAP sold the former German-owned Schering Corporation to a banking syndicate for twenty-nine million dollars.

The Army Corps of Engineers is now negotiating with a buyer for the Muscle Shoals chlorine plants located in northwest Alabama. This is a Korean War chemical plant, completed in 1952. The plant can turn out 475 tons of chlorine and caustic soda daily. Both are important industrial chemicals.

The government is also trying to rid itself of many quasi-government ventures, such as public housing. A number of "planned" communities have already been sold.

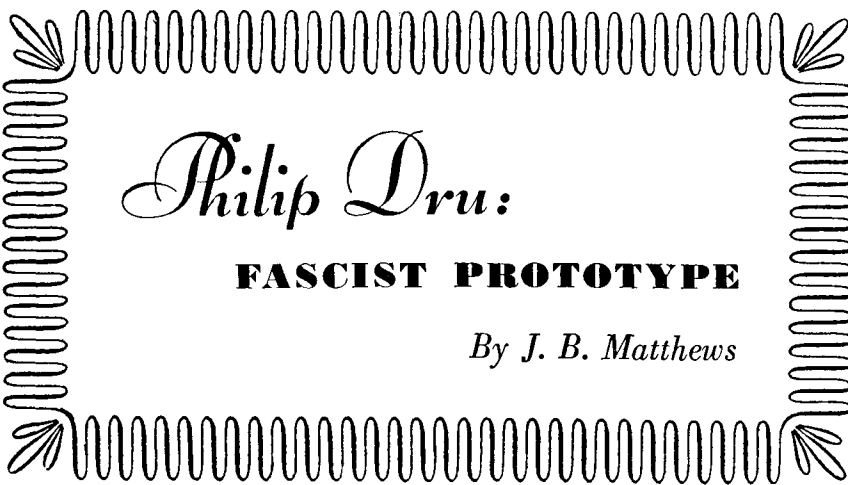
Under orders from Congress and the administration, almost every government department and agency has offered idle property, equipment, and other goods for sale.

It may pay you to take a look into Uncle Sam's surplus. You won't get the goods or real estate for nothing, but there are bargains still available.

DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By **HAROLD HELFER**

- ✓ Superior Court Judge Joseph E. Warner of New Bedford, Massachusetts, notes a sharp decline in requests for deferment from jury service from men since women began serving on Massachusetts juries.
- ✓ When Springfield, Missouri, urged its citizens not to wash their cars because of a water shortage, one automobile, gleaming clean, came down the street carrying this sign: "River Washed."
- ✓ When a citizen whose two dogs he was trying to catch gave him a lot of trouble, Roy Kurawa, Chicago dog catcher, put the man in the dog wagon instead of the dogs and drove off with him.
- ✓ Upon announcing that it was using fluorides in the city's water supply, the officials of Elyria, Ohio, were flooded with gripes about the water's taste. The town had to tell the people that, due to an unforeseen delay, the chemical hadn't even been applied to the water yet.
- ✓ A Milwaukee judge fined Eddie Mathews, a star home-run hitting player of the Milwaukee baseball team, \$50 for reckless driving — then asked for his autograph.
- ✓ The civic clubs of Royersford, Pennsylvania, hope to keep youngsters from racing all over the countryside in automobiles following junior-senior high school proms by putting up money to provide: (1) a professional floor show after the prom, from midnight to 1:15 A.M.; (2) an informal dance at the country club from 1:30 A.M. to 3 A.M.; and (3) a breakfast at the American Legion home at 3 A.M.
- ✓ Governor Goodwin J. Knight of California has come around to the belief that political campaign buttons are a waste of lapels. During a political rally for himself, Governor Knight deliberately wore a button of his opponent in the gubernatorial race — "Graves for Governor." No one noticed this "heretic" button at the rally, not even his own staff.



Philip Dru:

FASCIST PROTOTYPE

By J. B. Matthews

AT A CRUCIAL period in American history, Edward Mandell House usurped vast and non-constitutional powers and functions in the operations of the United States Government. He was literally the self-appointed custodian and arbiter of America's destiny.

This man House was never elected to anything by anybody. He never submitted himself as a candidate to the electorate; and he steadfastly scorned all offers of appointment to constitutional office. And yet, during a somewhat mysterious political career of more than thirty years, he made puppets of judges, governors, ambassadors, and at least one President. His was the greatest puppet show on earth, staged for the entertainment of himself alone.

Much of the colossal power which this usurper wielded, in both domestic and foreign affairs, was antici-

pated in a book which he wrote at the age of fifty-four.

Part One: The Book

In the latter part of 1911, Colonel E. M. House, gazing into his ideological crystal ball, beheld a weird creature whom he called Philip Dru.

What Colonel House saw, he set down in a book, utilizing with very considerable superficiality the literary form of the novel. The book saw the light of day during the Presidential campaign of 1912. Its title was *Philip Dru: Administrator*.

Anyone who owns a copy of this book should set it apart on his shelves with his collector's items. It was sold originally for \$1.20. Its market value today is at least thirty times that much; and even at that price it is practically impossible to obtain a copy.

Seldom in history has an appar-

ently fantastic piece of soothsaying been followed so swiftly by its fatal fulfillment. The fictitious Philip Dru turned out to be something of a composite political adventurer made up of equal parts of Woodrow Wilson, Benito Mussolini, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

With uncanny clairvoyance, Colonel House depicted, in the career of his Philip Dru, many of the methods and measures which subsequently characterized the records of Wilson, Mussolini, and Roosevelt.

Anonymity and Its Gradual Disappearance

Philip Dru: Administrator was published anonymously. Only a few of his confidants and the publisher knew that Colonel House was the author of the book.

The publisher's blurb on the jacket described the author as "a man prominent in political councils." That vague clue was not much help; it could have pointed the finger at any one of a thousand individuals. Among the many guesses in the beginning, the name of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt was prominent. Roosevelt had just launched his Bull Moose Party.

It would probably have occasioned little excitement in 1912, even if the book had borne the name of its author, Edward Mandell House. At the time, Colonel House was scarcely known to the public outside his native Texas, although he had only a few months previously engineered,

by hook and crook, the nomination of Woodrow Wilson at the Baltimore Democratic Convention.

To fix the exact date when the identity of the author of *Philip Dru* was first revealed publicly is something of a problem in definition as well as of research.

As any author is likely to do, regardless of his intention to publish his book anonymously, Colonel House showed his manuscript to friends. How many of these friends told their friends about the forthcoming book and the identity of its author cannot be known.

Dr. Sidney A. Mezes, president of the University of Texas and later the president of the College of the City of New York, saw *Philip Dru* in manuscript. "Mezes read and approved it," wrote Colonel House. Mezes was House's brother-in-law.

Another of the colonel's intimates, Dr. David F. Houston, who was chancellor of Washington University (St. Louis) and who later became Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of Agriculture, also read the manuscript and, according to House, "held that the fiction in it was so thin that he advised rewriting it as a serious work, as he had suggested originally."

In a letter to Houston, dated March 12, 1912, Colonel House said of his book: "It is not much of a novel, as you will soon discover; at the same time, unless it were known by that name its audience would be reduced at least ninety-nine per

ent." Colonel House greatly overated his appeal as a novelist.

Mr. Arthur D. Howden Smith, adulatory biographer and close personal friend of Colonel House, writes that the colonel "most certainly presented a copy [of *Philip Dru*] to Professor Felix Frankfurter, of Harvard Law School, who found much to admire in Mr. House's rough conceptions for whittling out a better system of social justice." Biographer Smith does not reveal why he is so certain that Colonel House gave a copy of *Philip Dru* to Frankfurter. The only reasonable explanation is that House told Smith about the gift and Frankfurter's reactions to the book.

Biographer Smith suggests the possibility that Colonel House may have given an original copy of *Philip Dru* to his close friend, Mrs. James Roosevelt, and "to the young man [Franklin D. Roosevelt] who was to become President of the United States." Smith, however, states that he does not know this to have been the case.

A LITTLE MORE than three years after the publication of *Philip Dru*, an article on Colonel House appeared in the *North American Review* of April, 1916. The author of the article, Henry Herbert Childers, who had worked with Colonel House as a newspaperman in Texas, quoted long passages from *Philip Dru* and described these passages as literal quotations from Colonel House.

Childers did not, however, give the title of the book. But to quote passages from *Philip Dru*, even without naming the book, and to say that they were quotations from House, was the equivalent of saying that Colonel House wrote *Philip Dru*. To the discerning reader, therefore, the puzzling anonymity of *Philip Dru*'s author was solved as early as April, 1916.

The *North American Review's War Weekly* for January 5, 1918, stated that Colonel House wrote *Philip Dru: Administrator*.

The *New York Times* of September 4, 1918, had the following to say in a news report of a speech by United States Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman (R-Ill.): "The Senator gave an analysis of a novel which he said had been written by Colonel House, which he described as an autobiography."

More authoritative than any previous public disclosure of Colonel House's authorship of the book, was the statement by Professor Charles Seymour that "Colonel House was, in truth, the author; to his other occupations he had added that of novelist." Professor Seymour, who later became president of Yale University, made the statement in *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House*, published in 1926. Professor Seymour and Colonel House collaborated on *The Intimate Papers*.

Colonel House himself contributed an article to *Liberty* magazine of January 7, 1933, which opens with

the following paragraph: "In 1911, I wrote a book entitled *Philip Dru: Administrator*. It came in for considerable discussion, favorable and unfavorable. It was, in fact, a semi-political novel showing how a dictator seized the government of the United States and *anticipated Mussolini by a number of years.*" (Italics mine.)

A New York Times Review of Philip Dru

Due, no doubt, to the anonymity of the book and its fatuous love story on which any high school freshman could have improved, the contemporary reviews of *Philip Dru* were neither numerous nor enthusiastic.

One review, however, merits special attention. The 23-year-old Walter Lippmann, only two and a half years out of Harvard, reviewed the book in the *New York Times* of December 8, 1912. The title of the review was "America's Future, Pictured in a Decidedly Quaint Modern Novel." Quaint was hardly the word, for, as Lippmann wrote, "the author was quite incapable of producing a character or sustaining a plot."

"The imagination," wrote Lippmann of the author's equipment for writing fiction, "is that of a romantic boy of 14 who dreams of what he would do if he had supreme power and nobody objected." Lippmann was decidedly off base in using the phrase, "if nobody objected," because, as a matter of fact, the anony-

mous author with the imagination of a romantic boy of 14 made his hero dream of what he would do after acquiring supreme power by overthrowing the United States Government by force and violence.

"If [the author] is really an example of the far-seeing public man," wrote Lippmann, "then, in all sincerity, I say, God help this sunny land."

When Walter Lippmann penned these unkind lines about the author of *Philip Dru*, he could hardly have foreseen that he, Lippmann, would in less than five years become the right-hand assistant of Colonel House in preparing the essential data for the anticipated peace conference at the end of World War I. It was one of history's ironic little twists.

Conspiracy of Silence

An amazing conspiracy of silence has surrounded Colonel House's political novel.

Philip Dru: Administrator is an indispensable source book on the origins of Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom and Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. Notwithstanding this obvious fact, the writers of textbooks which deal with United States history during the Wilson and Roosevelt administrations have consistently ignored the book. Whether or not this silence about *Philip Dru* is the result of ignorance or design makes little difference. Students whose knowledge of their government is limited to what they

learn from these professors of history are left in total darkness concerning one of the most important aspects of modern United States government and society. They are cheated either by the gross incompetence of their professors or by their deliberate suppression of crucially significant historical facts.

Too many college professors of history are so absorbed in writing socialist propaganda, thinly disguised as history, that they have neither the time nor the inclination to work at the jobs for which they were presumably chosen.

The *Columbia Encyclopedia* (1950) is completely silent on the subject of *Philip Dru*, making no mention of it among the books written by Colonel House.

Encyclopedia Americana (1951) makes no mention of *Philip Dru* among the writings of Colonel House.

Encyclopedia Britannica (1953) merely states that "in 1912 House published, anonymously, a political romance, *Philip Dru*. . . ." Nothing more!

Out of 150 history texts in which some mention, not to say discussion, of *Philip Dru* would have been relevant, only two were found which gave any inkling of the novel's existence or its relationship to the Wilson and Roosevelt revolutions. These two deserve some attention.

Leland D. Baldwin, University of Pittsburgh, writes in his book, *The Stream of American History*: "Most

important accession of all [to Woodrow Wilson's circle] was Edward Mandell House of Texas. Backed by inherited wealth, House had entered Texas politics as a youth, not to seek office but to seek power. He found it as the power behind the gubernatorial chair for a number of years . . . [and] in 1911 he began to write a novel, *Philip Dru: Administrator* . . . The novel was thin and poorly written, but it set forth in startling detail the reforms later adopted by Wilson . . . Edward Mandell House had pulled the strings of Texas and Washington; he now had a vision of Philip Dru administering world affairs . . . so it is that we catch glimpses of the gray little Texan slipping with ostentatious furtiveness from one capital to another; playing the role of mystery as he wine and dined and consulted in corners; and prattling weightily to the great of peace conferences, grand alliances, and the disposal of nations and colonies without ever glimpsing the irony behind their smiles." Professor Baldwin's history was published in 1952.

Vernon Louis Parrington, Jr., Brown University historian and son of a famous father, has written in his book, *American Dreams: A Study of American Utopias*, the following comment on *Philip Dru* and Colonel House: "The similarities between Wilson's program and the Philip Dru-House program soon attracted attention . . . House, who revealed himself in the novel, had a remark-

able influence. He was a thoroughly enigmatic personality — aloof, shrewd, calculating, powerful. The novel . . . serves to illustrate some of the sources of the 'New Freedom' and the 'New Deal.' Few reformers have had more power than Mr. House — and no other American Utopia has come so close to being brought to life."

THE REASON for the wholesale silence on the part of the so-called liberal historians is not far to seek. They are obviously reluctant to let it be known that the Wilson and Roosevelt revolutions, by which they swear, were contaminated at their source by the power and program of a reformer — Colonel House — who blandly declared that he had anticipated Mussolini in his depiction of Philip Dru. Colonel House made it clear, and furthermore never at any time before he died repudiated the fact, that his fictional hero was contemptuous of constitutional processes, glorified treason, and countenanced the wholesale slaughter of his fellow Americans — all as defensible means toward the reformer's ends. The cold-blooded cynicism and merciless tyranny of a Utopian do-gooder were never more boldly proclaimed than they were by the author of this book. Colonel House might have added, with accuracy, that *Philip Dru* anticipated Lenin and Hitler as well as Mussolini. Like these three twentieth century scourges of mankind, Philip Dru

professed the exalted purpose of helping the down-trodden while strewn his path to power with the broken bodies of those who stood in the way of his "liberating" the oppressed.

History or no history, present-day self-styled liberals would prefer to pass over Colonel House's *Philip Dru* in silence and find the sources of their New Freedom-New Deal Revolution elsewhere.

Part Two: The Story

Philip Dru graduated from West Point, a morose young man who had discovered that "in the starting, the world-wide social structure was wrongly begun." [Back in 1918, Colonel George Harvey wrote with appropriate sarcasm that he had often wanted to ask Colonel House "whom he held chiefly responsible for the false start, simple Eve, seductive Lilith, the insinuating snake or old Adam himself."]

On his graduation day, Philip was introduced to Gloria Strawn. By a considerable stretching of the ordinary meaning of the words, it can be said that Philip and Gloria fell in love. In the 300-odd pages which followed, Colonel House reported that Philip and Gloria held hands twice, and looked deep into each other's eyes once. Little wonder that Hollywood did not buy the movie rights.

Philip was assigned to a military post on the Rio Grande, across from which one could look at "the gray

hills of old Mexico." In due time, Gloria Strawn arrived at the post, the excuse being that her brother Jack, also a West Pointer, was stationed there. She saw little of Jack, but much of Philip; and with the latter she had long discussions of what they should do about "the world-wide social structure."

On one of their excursions into the wilds which surrounded the post, Philip and Gloria got lost in the desert. The blazing sun injured Philip's eyes; and the upshot of his misfortune was that he resigned from the army. Philip's destiny was not to fight in the United States Army, but *against* it.

They settled in New York City; and Philip got a contract "to write upon social subjects only" for a newspaper syndicate. "In a direct and forceful manner, he pointed out that our civilization was fundamentally wrong," wrote Colonel House in describing Philip's syndicated articles. Philip and Gloria had encountered two New York families — the Turners and the Levinskys — whose experiences had been fraught with tragedy. He wrote about these.

MEANWHILE, Philip and Gloria brooded over the state of their nation and the world. The rich were getting richer, the poor poorer. The "interests" had the upper hand; and the spirit of insurrection against them was growing.

A wicked United States Senator, whose career was devoted to the

service of the "interests," and a bloated banker, who was the epitome of the "interests," got together. Senator Selwyn and banker Thor raised a slush fund of ten million dollars, and plotted to elect to public office only men who were subservient to the "interests."

Selwyn went to see a certain governor, named Rockland, with a view to looking him over as a candidate for the Presidency. After some sharp questioning, Selwyn satisfied himself as to Rockland's "party regularity." Rockland was, of course, elected.

By an accident, the dictagraph in Thor's office had recorded one of his conversations with Senator Selwyn — monitored by fate, as it were — in which the two men had laid their foul plot to raise their slush fund. A conscientious assistant in Thor's office discovered the recording and, after a brief struggle with his New England conscience, rushed to a newspaper with the story. It got quite a press; the public was aroused and fighting mad.

Philip was placed at the head of a "movement" to combat the "interests." Gloria raised a large fund from among her rich acquaintances, "and the contest was on."

Philip began to recruit a private militia from all over the country, composed chiefly of middle-class liberals. They drilled openly with sticks instead of guns; but at home each one had "carefully concealed" a rifle. Philip, let it be noted, was only seven years out of West Point.

A showdown was inevitable. General Dru, as he now called himself, gathered his private militia in Wisconsin for the reason that it was in those days the nation's stronghold of liberalism. From Wisconsin, they marched to the vicinity of Buffalo, where the decisive battle occurred.

The U.S. Army, under General Newton, numbered six hundred thousand troops, and the insurrectionists, under General Dru, had five hundred thousand when the two forces met in the Battle of Elma.

It was an utter rout for the U.S. Army. General Newton was killed in battle. Of his army of six hundred thousand men, "forty thousand were dead and two hundred and ten thousand were wounded with seventy-five thousand missing. Of prisoners Dru had captured three hundred and seventy-five thousand." That accounted for seven hundred thousand men. It was probably the only time in history when an army suffered the loss of a hundred thousand more men than it had; but then, it must be remembered, liberals have been notoriously good at twisting arithmetic.

COLONEL HOUSE recorded that General Dru "restrained his men from killing, as far as he was able, for he saw that the enemy [the U.S. Army] were without arms, and thinking only of escape. His order was only partially obeyed, for when man is in conflict with either beast or fellow-man, the primitive lust for

blood comes to the fore, and the gentlest and most humane are oftentimes the most bloodthirsty." Colonel House was a 54-year-old liberal when he wrote that.

The stage was set. General Dru appointed himself Administrator, and proceeded to promulgate laws by fiat. He of course assured the officers of his victorious militia that "he was free from any personal ambition [and] . . . not one of them doubted his word."

Administrator Dru raised the American flag over the entire North American Continent, from Alaska to the Panama Canal. He acquired Canada by an agreement with England. Mexico and the Central American republics were more stubborn; they had to be invaded and occupied by Dru's troops.

Seven years after Philip Dru had assumed the administration of the Republic, "his tenure of power was about to close, to close amidst the plaudits of a triumphant democracy."

At the end, Philip and Gloria sailed from San Francisco Bay "into the splendid waste of the Pacific" aboard the "graceful yet sturdy *Eaglet*," with a multitude of friends "gathered on the waterfront and upon the surrounding hills to bid farewell to Philip Dru and his bride, Gloria."

"Where were they bound? Would they return? These were the questions asked by all, but to which none could give answer."

Part Three: The Author

In general outlines, the career of Colonel House is too well known to require any extensive repetition here.

He was born in Houston, Texas, on July 26, 1858. For two years he was a student at Cornell University. He died in New York City on March 28, 1938, nearing his 80th birthday.

In his biography of Colonel House, Arthur D. Howden Smith writes that "one of the malicious rumors whispered about Mr. House in certain quarters was that he was of Jewish extraction." Just why such a rumor is to be described as "malicious" Mr. Smith does not explain. Perhaps it may be considered malicious toward Jews to hold them responsible for Colonel House and his views and activities.

As Howden Smith says, House's "middle name, Mandell, was that of a Jewish merchant in Houston, who was one of his father's most intimate friends."

Professor Leland D. Baldwin has raised some doubt about the genuineness of Colonel House's reticence by his use of the phrase, "ostentatious furtiveness," in describing the Colonel's avoidance of the spotlight. The more likely theory is that House preferred power to publicity, and was convinced that he could more completely acquire and hold the former by having a minimum of the latter. The type of power he coveted was much better exer-

cised with a maximum of secrecy.

It has been correctly observed by many that House's novel, *Philip Dru: Administrator*, was autobiographical. It was certainly autobiographical in the sense that he saw his own ideas of social revolution in Philip Dru's program. But, in addition to that, the novel was also autobiographical in that he imputed to Dru's enemies many of his own attitudes and methods. Senator Selwyn and banker Thor exercised political power by behind-the-scenes manipulation; so did Colonel House. In conducting a political campaign, the Senator and the banker let the opposition do all the noisy speech-making; such was the method of Colonel House, as recorded in his correspondence with Woodrow Wilson. Senator Selwyn looked the field over, and hand-picked Governor Rockland for the Presidency; Colonel House did the same, and hand-picked Governor Wilson for the Presidency. Selwyn was concerned mainly with Rockland's "party regularity," meaning his willingness to go along and take advice; Colonel House, according to his own statement, was concerned with Wilson's "party regularity" when they first met in the Colonel's suite at the Gotham Hotel in New York City. Selwyn made political allies by the old device known as entertainment; Colonel House wrote Wilson that he had instructed his henchmen at the Baltimore Democratic Convention of 1912 to woo doubtful dele-

gates by entertainment. There are many other illustrations of this unusual form of "projection" in House's descriptions of Dru's opponents.

Part Four: The Publisher

Philip Dru: Administrator was published by B. W. Huebsch. At the time Huebsch brought out Colonel House's book, he was well known as a publisher of left-wing books. In 1925, his publishing firm was merged with the Viking Press and since then he has been an officer of that firm.

Huebsch has long been a supporter of the Communist-front apparatus. According to public records, he has been affiliated with the following enterprises of the Communist-front conspiracy: American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom; American League for Peace and Democracy; Book Union; China Welfare Appeal; Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder; German-American Emergency Conference; Golden Book of American Friendship with the Soviet Union; Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee; Non-Partisan Committee for Re-election of Vito Marcantonio; National Council of American-Soviet Friendship; Open Letter in Defense of Harry Bridges; Russian War Relief; and Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

Five of the thirteen enterprises with which Huebsch has been affiliated have been cited as subversive and Communist by the Attorney

General, and all of them by Congressional committees.

Part Five:

Philip Dru and Mussolini

It was highly significant that Colonel House himself wrote in *Liberty* magazine that his hero Philip Dru had "anticipated Mussolini by a number of years."

Any reader of Colonel House's book would be struck immediately with the resemblance between Philip Dru's private militia and Mussolini's Black Shirts. The main difference is that the worst crimes which have been charged against Mussolini's organized thugs were trivial by comparison with "the primitive lust for blood" which characterized Dru's organized scoundrels.

The social base of Dru's successful insurrection was a combination of the harassed middle class and a scattering of rich benefactors. Exactly such was the social base of Mussolini's fascist revolution.

In another amazingly frank article by Colonel House which appeared in *Liberty* magazine of September 14, 1935, the Colonel wrote: "The tension in Europe will lead to new disasters unless the imperial urge of Mussolini has the opportunity to spend itself on African soil."

In the same article, Colonel House wrote: "The legions of Mussolini marching into Africa may lay the foundation for a new Roman Empire great enough to give the Italian people a chance to breathe. If Mus-

solini succeeds, Italy will expand in Africa without exploding in Europe. Let us hope that this may be done without improperly exploiting the rights of other people."

The picture which Colonel House drew of Dru's legions marching into Mexico bears a striking resemblance to Mussolini's war against Abyssinia.

Part Six: House-Dru, Wilson, and Roosevelt

For many years, it has been noted by a student or an observer here and there that both the spirit and the letter of the House-Dru revolution found expression in the attitudes, methods, and measures of the Wilson and the Roosevelt administrations.

Woodrow Wilson himself once remarked, in answer to a reporter's query, that House was his "second personality," his "independent self." "His thought and mine are one," he declared with complete frankness.

When House died, President Franklin D. Roosevelt gave the following statement to the newspapers: "A great and unique figure has been lost to our national life in the death of Colonel House . . . [House] possessed a sagacity, prudence, patriotism and integrity which made his counsel invaluable in one of the most critical periods of world history." This, undoubtedly, was a reference to the position of Colonel House in the Wilsonian period. It should be remembered that Franklin Roosevelt, as the young Assistant Secre-

tary of the Navy, was also a part — even if a minor part — of the Wilson administration, and that during that period young Roosevelt was a protégé of the Colonel. House played a big part in the nomination of Roosevelt for the Vice-Presidency in 1920.

The late distinguished editor, Frederick L. Collins, called attention to the fact that Roosevelt went to visit House in Massachusetts immediately after his first nomination in Chicago in 1932. The record is clear that the friendship between Roosevelt and House long antedated that between Wilson and House, and continued for many years after Wilson's death, spanning a quarter of a century.

"As one who had long enjoyed the privilege of [Colonel House's] friendship, I shall miss his wise counsel and unvarying loyalty," Roosevelt told the press on March 29, 1938.

While it is true that Colonel House held no place in the Roosevelt era comparable with the one he held during the Wilson regime, it is also true that the Colonel's intellectual and spiritual influence over Roosevelt was as great as that which he had exerted over Wilson during the much shorter period.

In *The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes*, we catch a glimpse of the aging Colonel as he moved with regal confidence around the Washington of the early New Deal. On October 18, 1933, Ickes recorded the following in his diary: "At one-

fifteen Colonel Edward M. House called on me. Earlier Colonel McIntyre had called me by telephone to say that Colonel House was with the President and that the President especially wanted him to meet me . . . He [House] said that the President had spoken of me in very complimentary terms and had said that he had great plans for the future in which I and one or two other Cabinet members figured . . . Before leaving he asked me how I was working with Secretary Roper and Secretary Hull . . . I gathered that these two men were looming rather large in his mind out of the Cabinet membership . . . He told me that he had suggested Hull to the President for Secretary of State. Later in the afternoon when I called up Secretary Roper on another matter, he told me that Colonel House was with him."

It would be impossible, in the space available, to present all the evidence which shows the extent to which the spirit of *Philip Dru: Administrator* permeated the Wilson and Roosevelt administrations, particularly the administration of the latter.

Dru coins a phrase of hate on almost every page. In his tiresome monologues, delivered in the presence of any who would listen, Philip Dru spoke of the country as "debased by the power of wealth." He declared that American society was "a miserable travesty." The United States, he averred, was run by and

for "the interests" under "the thin guise of the constitutional protection of property." In the American system, he ranted, one found "wealth more defiant" and "monopoly more insistent" than anywhere else on earth. In typical socialist jargon, Philip told Gloria, "It is the system that is at fault."

All of which is a reminder of the pretentious breast-beating of Roosevelt about "the princes of privilege" who had met in him their master.

Philip's contempt for the past was a foretaste of what Wilson and Roosevelt were to express in their demagogic speeches. Colonel House heralded his hero Dru as "the apostle of the new" who had been sent to sweep away "the old order of thought and habit." At his first meeting with his passionless sweetheart, Philip announced pontifically, "Gloria, we are entering a new era. The past is no longer to be a guide to the future."

That, of course, brings to mind Franklin Roosevelt's sneer at the "horse-and-buggy" days and ways of American life.

To Philip Dru, the Constitution of the United States was an abominably outmoded instrument which had been conceived and drawn in "the atmosphere of aristocrats." Dru abolished the Constitution by a simple stroke of his dictator's pen. Many Americans are old enough to remember Franklin Roosevelt's exhortation — not to say dictatorial order — to Congress to enact one of his meas-

ures without regard to its constitutionality. Wilson, too, chafed under the restraints imposed upon his quasi-dictatorship by the Constitution, and wished that the United States had a form of government like that of the English.

Dru took from the Supreme Court the power to review legislation in the light of its constitutionality, and made compulsory the retirement of Supreme Court justices at the age of seventy. Franklin Roosevelt strove mightily for the same ends.

Dru aimed for a completely statist society — with a slight and mystical modification of Marxism. In one of his monologues, he said: "Socialism

as dreamed of by Karl Marx cannot be entirely brought about by a comprehensive system of state ownership and by the leveling of wealth." To state ownership and the leveling of wealth, Dru added the ingredient of a "spiritual leavening," whatever that meant. Philip was a Marxist revisionist; so were Mussolini and Hitler.

The election of 1932 was the most crucial in the history of the United States. It was, history may record, the last chance vouchsafed the American people to stop and forestall the House-Dru-Wilson-Roosevelt revolution.

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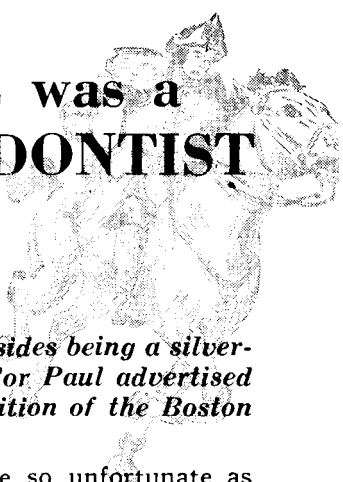
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